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CHRISTMAS BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 713
AVIATION FOR WORLD SERVICE 716
SCULPTURE AND THE PUBLIC. By Roger Fry . 717
THE CASE FOR SCOTTISH HOME RULE . . . 718
A LONDON DIARY 720
THE YO-YO MIND. By Y. Y. 721
PRACTICAL POLITICS. By MacFlecknoe . . 722
CORRESPONDENCE 722
From E. Aylmer Digby, K.C.; C. F. Andrews; L. J. Cadbury; "Septuagenarian"; Eric Walker; Philip Jordan; Prof. B. H. Streeter; J. Herbert Twamley; L. J. Bendit; Isaac Goss; L. C. Knights and F. R. Leavis.
MAGIC. By J. H. Driberg 726
A WOLF IN THE FOLD. By Felix Warden . . 726
THE GAZE OF GIOTTO. By W. J. Turner . . 727
PLAYS AND PICTURES 728
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Harold Nicolson . *Page* 763
REVIEWS:
The Vagabonds' Songs. By G. K. Chesterton . 764
Shaw after Shaw. By R. Ellis Roberts . . 764
M. Barbusse's Zola. 766
A Great Discoverer. By E. E. Kellett . . 768
The Romantic Enemy 770
Enjoying Russia. By J. M. Keynes . . 770
Chaliapin 770
SHORTER NOTICES 772
ABOUT MOTORING 774
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 776
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 778
CHRISTMAS BOOKS SUPPLEMENT (*see separate index*) 733
Including articles by Norah Hoult; David Garnett; Rose Macaulay; Peter Quennell; Conrad Noel; Rhoda Power; V. S. Pritchett; Francis Bickley; Ann Fremantle and Hamish Miles.

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THE Italian Government, having but a tiny sum to pay America on account of war debts, proposes to pay in the hope of favour to come. But, whatever M. Herriot's personal views may be, he seems to stand no more chance of getting the French Chamber to agree to payment than Mr. Hoover stands of persuading Congress to accept postponement. France, it appears, will not pay, whatever Great Britain and Italy may do. Nor, if she will not pay America, is she likely to pay us next March; and we cannot even ask her to pay without saying, in so many words, that the whole Lausanne settlement goes by the board. For that settlement included the suspension of Inter-Allied debt payments as well as the cancelling of German reparations. So it looks as if we alone, among America's major debtors, will be paying this month; and it seems certain that we shall have to pay out of our own pockets, without any contribution from our late Allies. This will not be a disaster provided, first, that we pay in gold, and secondly, that we make it quite plain to the Americans that they are to expect nothing further from us. It is out of the question to resume the attempt to collect reparations from Germany, and unless Germany pays we can expect no payment from France, and in these circumstances it is manifestly absurd to expect us to go on paying the Americans. Before June comes the United States Congress will have to choose between accommodation and defaults.

* * *

The governmental crisis in Germany has at last been settled by the appointment of General von Schleicher as Chancellor. He is, of course, a *pis aller*, and has no wholehearted body of support in the country or in Parliament, though he is not so universally offensive as Herr von Papen. The Social Democrats and the Communists are uncompromisingly hostile, but the Nazis, it now seems probable, will leave him alone for the moment, and thus allow an adjournment of the Reichstag till January. In the interval the Cabinet may produce some sort of a programme; but no one supposes that this will have much importance. The new Chancellor is not so ferocious an anti-Socialist as his predecessor, and it has been suggested that he might try to placate the Social Democrats. But even if he succeeded in that he would not succeed with either the Communists or the Nazis. Thus the omens point to another crisis and another general election in the spring—which might remake, but would more likely further disintegrate, the Nazi movement.

The debate on Manchuria in the League Assembly opened with a series of strong condemnations of Japan by the lesser Powers. But Sir John Simon on the second day introduced a different note. He practically constituted himself counsel for the defence, and Mr. Matsuoka's comment on his speech was that: "Sir John has said in half an hour what I have been trying to say for two days." That was not literally true, of course, for Mr. Matsuoka has not only tried to say, but has said very plainly, that Japan is not going to abandon her conquest of Manchuria. Sir John Simon put it more delicately. He harped on the "impartiality" of the Lytton Report, emphasised the criticisms of China rather than the crimes of Japan, and concluded by arguing for conciliation on the part of the League. But this in all the circumstances quite obviously means playing the Japanese game. What has the League been doing, or what has it been supposed to be doing, for the past fifteen months, but conciliating? And what effect has it had on the Japanese? They have repudiated offers of mediation. They have claimed justification for their aggression. They have created—against the will of the people of Manchuria, as the Lytton Commission has found—their puppet State of Manchukuo. They have, in short, got what they want, and they dare the world to touch them.

* * *

The Japanese militarists are, of course, exploiting their advantage. Europe and America are preoccupied with their domestic troubles and feuds, and embarrassed by the war debts problem. They do not want a row in the Far East. But they cannot escape from the dilemma by shutting their eyes to it. We must either insist, without delay, that Japan shall right the wrong she has done, or we must face far greater mischief in the future. Sir John Simon sneers politely at nations which take a high moral tone because their "risks and responsibilities" are small. But, morals apart, these nations are in fact taking the line of highest prudence in defending the sanctity of treaties and the spirit of the Covenant. The whole matter will now, in all probability, be referred to the "Committee of Nineteen." This means further delay, which seems to us unfortunate. Possibly the Nineteen, reinforced by the United States and Russia, will at long last find a solution. But if it is to be a genuine solution, it must be based on the Lytton Report—that is to say, it must put an end to Manchukuo and the Japanese occupation of China. If that is done, the legitimate interests of Japan and everyone else can be safeguarded in a reformed Manchurian regime. If it is not, the League is stamped as a sham, and we shall pay heavily for our hypocrisy and cowardice.

* * *

"Useful progress" was reported officially from Geneva on Tuesday evening. This was a diplomatic euphemism, for there is no visible sign of a happy ending to the "Five Power conversations" on the German equality question. These conversations in themselves are provoking a good deal of criticism among the delegates of the lesser Powers, who are left to kick their heels while the great ones argue in private. The proposals of Mr. Norman Davis, which are popularly known as the American plan, have deepened the depression. Their adoption would mean the adjournment of the Disarmament Conference for three years, and the appointment of a "Permanent Commission" to wrestle with the problems of equality and security. Meantime the Resolution on qualitative disarmament passed last July would be embodied in a convention, and with that we should console ourselves till further notice. It would be a small consolation indeed; for the July Resolution falls miserably short of the world's hopes. It does not look, however, as if the American plan will be accepted. The Germans, not unnaturally, are opposed to their claim for equality being shelved for three years. Nor are the French enamoured of such a postponement of their own aspirations; they want something more than, and something different from, the July Resolution. It is imperative that a bridge should be found to bring Germany back again. If it is not, the Disarmament Conference will peter out.

* * *

If an attempt is made to put us off with the July Resolution let us not be deluded into thinking that the disarmament achieved will amount to anything. Not a gun or tank or battleship will be destroyed as a result of that Resolution. Nor does the agreement not to build in the future mean anything real. The *Times* is deceived on the subject. In a leading article on Tuesday, December 6th, it said that it "was agreed by the Resolution that all heavy land artillery, in respect of amount and calibre, was to be limited." But it did not add that it is only certain categories (unspecified) which are to be limited in number and certain categories (unspecified) to be limited in calibre, while coastal guns may have the calibre of the largest naval gun—which is 16 inches. Then the *Times* said that "the maximum unit tonnage of tanks was to be similarly limited." But the French talk of a farcical limit of *thirty-five tons* for tanks, and Lord Hailsham and other British spokesmen have made it clear that they contemplate no limitation which will mean not building any tank now being built! "All chemical and incendiary warfare" to be abolished and "air attack against the civilian population absolutely prohibited." So the *Times* puts it. Nominally, yes; but what does this amount to, seeing that nothing is proposed for the prevention of the preparation of the means of air attack? And the "civilians" not to be bombed do not include "outlying peoples." So let us not pretend the July Resolution means anything.

* * *

The British Government, in accordance with the established principles of economic imperialism, has promptly rallied to the support of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in its dispute with the Government of Persia. In this case, indeed, the British Government is a directly interested party, as it holds a majority of the shares of the Anglo-Persian, though it takes no part in the management of the concern. The contention of the company, backed apparently by the British Government, is that the Persian Government has no right to cancel the concession originally granted to Mr. D'Arcy thirty years ago. On a strictly legalistic view this is probably correct; for it is clear that the concession contains no provision for cancellation. But,

in such a matter, how far does legalism carry us, and how far is it entitled to respect? The system, embodied in the concession, of calculating the royalty to the Persian Government not on the quantity of oil produced nor on its price, but on the net profits of the company is obviously liable to abuse, and certain to lead to dispute. It has in fact resulted this year in a sensational fall in the sum payable. It is by no means surprising that a concession granted thirty years ago should fail to accord with present day ideas of equity, or that a nationalist Government should refuse to hold itself bound by the acts of a past regime. The Persian Government has declared its willingness to negotiate an amended concession; and both the Anglo-Persian and the British Government would be better occupied in responding to this invitation than in presenting notes based on a purely legalistic view of Persian obligations.

* * *

The London Passenger Transport Bill has been hustled along in the House of Commons this week. As introduced by Mr. Herbert Morrison in the last Parliament, it was a promising measure, though there were critics on the Labour Left to whom its Socialism seemed of the pinchbeck kind. Some of the Tories found it too socialistic, and in its passage through the present House they have done their best to desocialise it. The Bill is emerging, however, in a form which may achieve its main purpose—the improvement of the London traffic services by unification and some extension of public control. But the control is remarkably light. A board of management, consisting of men expert in the business and including representatives of local authorities, will be appointed—not, as originally proposed, by the Minister of Transport, but by other persons appointed to appoint it. The board's duty will be not only to run the services to the satisfaction of their users, but to make it pay 5½ per cent. to stockholders. That may prove a difficult task, unless fares are to be raised; and an amendment was moved, but dropped after discussion, to substitute 3½ or 4 per cent. So far as travelling facilities and fares are concerned, the public is to rely for the protection of its interests on the Railway Rates Tribunal. Taken all round, the measure is a compromise typical of our age and our country. It is calculated to frighten the ghost of Herbert Spencer; it will not captivate any Socialist. But we hope it will work.

* * *

A memorandum issued this week by the Government shows that, in September of this year, 1,625,000 houses in Great Britain had already been decontrolled in respect of rents, as against 6,761,000 still under some form of control, and 2,315,000 new houses not subject to control at all. These figures apply, of course, only to houses of types originally within the scope of the Rent Restriction Acts. Even among the smallest types of houses alone there are already 1,770,000 uncontrolled dwellings to 4,733,000 under control. In other words, over a quarter of the tenants of the smallest houses lack the protection of the Rent Acts, and more than half the tenants in houses of all types originally subject to control. In face of these facts, the protection of the Acts is now being further withdrawn, and the Government is bringing forward a new Housing Bill calculated to restrict still further the house-building activities of the local authorities. The text of this Bill is not known as we write, and it seems unlikely that the plan of transferring new housing work to the financial sphere of the Building Societies has been completely accepted. But the withdrawal of the existing subsidies may be regarded as certain. So far the evidence does not support the Government's claim that the abolition of the subsidy will result in so cheapening building costs that we shall soon have plenty of 10s. houses and see the slums swept away wholesale.

* * *

A bit of a song has been made about the forthcoming meeting between the Miners' Federation and the Mining Association, as if the consent of the Association to meet the Federation could be regarded as a real step towards concord in the mining industry. In fact the mine-owners have agreed to meet the miners only on condition that "wages and other conditions of labour" shall be excluded from the scope of discussion—in other words, that no mention shall be made of the very matters which it is essential for the parties to settle if peace in the mining industry is to be secured. Meanwhile, the railway companies and the railway Unions have been arguing out their case before the Railway Wages Board, and there have been further indications that, whatever a majority of the Board may recommend, the railway workers are in no mood to accept the large reductions that are being demanded. In the Irish Free State, the question of railway wages has come to a head already. The Irish Wages Board has recommended reductions, which the men have rejected, and a strike seems certain in default of Government action either to subsidise the railways or to maintain wage-rates. Government subsidy is, however, very difficult because the principal company operates in Ulster as well as in the Free State; and the De Valera Government has no mind to take the railways over if it can help doing so. A Government Bill, of unknown provisions, is promised and eagerly awaited; but a strike seems inevitable unless it is forthcoming at once and satisfactory enough to the railwaymen to persuade them to hold their hands. If there is a strike, the future of the De Valera Government, which depends on Labour for its majority, is highly uncertain, and another General Election may well be unavoidable.

* * *

"Inquiry" in official language means two things. It may mean the sort of inquiry we now get on tariffs—an inquiry which is the preliminary to speedy action. It may mean the sort of inquiry which Ministers appoint when they wish to avoid action. We hope that the Lord Chancellor has the first kind in mind when he agrees that there should be an inquiry into the question of imprisonment for debt. Of course, there are difficulties about protecting the creditor, and, of course, there are people who do not pay until they are threatened. But Scotland manages without this preposterous scandal, which many English people still imagine to have been killed by Charles Dickens. Lord Snell had an overwhelming case when he urged that we could find an alternative to a method which keeps thousands of people in gaol not because they are criminals, but because they are poor.

AVIATION FOR WORLD SERVICE

IT is unfortunate that the great and constructive project of a world aviation service should have been launched upon the world as a disarmament proposal. Incidentally, of course, it is that. Every project which might make some sense and unity out of the world is obstructed by national divisions and the existence of national armaments. Mr. Baldwin was perfectly right when he pointed out that civil aircraft are potential bombers, and that therefore we cannot hope to get rid of the menace from the air unless we devise a measure of international control of civil aviation. He was honest enough, too, to say, with the weight of his authority as a Member of the Committee of Imperial Defence, that there is no effectual military defence against air attack. So much is really implied in the July resolutions of the Powers, which are apparently all the tired men at Geneva now hope to achieve from the Disarmament Conference. These resolutions call for the absolute prohibition of air attack upon civilians and also of air bombardment of all kinds provided that agreement can be reached about the control of civil aviation. We all know that without such control talk of prohibiting bombing of any kind is dishonest nonsense: the Royal Air Force, as our air experts put it, is the "first line of defence" and "the arrow head of our attack." And so every realist and every armament maker in each country knows. So the statesmen, being unable to agree to rid themselves of their individual weapons, appease their consciences by passing pious resolutions about prohibiting bombing, and mocking laughter echoes round the foreign offices of the world, and turns into something which is nearer to despair than laughter in humbler dwellings.

For these reasons those who have worked out the detailed proposals for controlling civil aviation have done so first in order to prevent its abuse for military purposes. But they have also had in mind the exciting possibilities of rationalising and expanding civil air transport. The need for much closer co-ordination of the civil air services and the economic and technical absurdities of the present system of nationally subsidised air lines is brought out clearly and repeatedly in the reports of such various international bodies as the International Commission for Air Navigation, the International Air Traffic Association, and the International Technical Committee of Air Law Experts. Here is a quotation from the Report of the League's Air Transport Co-operation Committee, which sat in 1927, Brigadier-General Groves being the British member:

> The Committee feels called upon at the outset of the present report to record its view that the present situation of civil aviation, despite the progress achieved, is not so satisfactory as this state of technical development should permit, and that it is only by means of increasingly close international co-operation that this situation can be improved. . . . In view of the international nature of air transport and of the precarious results hitherto obtained, a definite programme of co-operation should be prepared, at any rate in the European area. . . .

The sequel has been the working out, in great detail, of a scheme for the constitution and operation of a main network of permanent air routes.

This conclusion, that civil air transport has not been thriving nearly as well as it should, is reinforced again and again by reference to the documents before the Disarmament Conference. It is evident that the fetters of national sovereignty and the preoccupation of the Governments with military requirements have cramped the development of civil air transport and prevented its expansion on sound economic lines. All the great lines have to be subsidised, some to the extent of 35 per cent., some to the extent of 90 per cent.; and that means that they have to give satisfaction, first and foremost, not to the traveller but to the Governments who pay the subsidies, and who have always in mind potential military advantages in time of war.

The documents also show how enormously the air transport system could and should be extended. For instance, there is the report by Mr. Florman, of the Air Transport Co. of Stockholm, on what could be done by night flying and by much closer collaboration between the air companies and the postal services, in the way of a night mail service. He showed, with precise calculations, that we ought now to be able, within an area from London to Warsaw and Vienna, to post a letter one evening and have it delivered next morning at any other large centre. But he emphasised that this could only be done if the Air Companies ceased to act, as hitherto, "more or less independently."

The fact is that the old national units are much too small for the economical working of a conveyance which can skip from London to the Cape in four days or so, and encircle the world in eight. If a British air liner were to stop, say, at Lyons to pick up passengers, it would get into trouble, presumably, with the French for trespassing on their preserves; but that ought to be as simple as the stopping of the Glasgow express to pick up passengers at Crewe.

There is another aspect of this matter which will appeal to anyone who is not prepared to accept a world of continual national friction, culminating sooner or later in war. To-day we have a new and dangerous source of imperialist rivalry wherever the Powers are staking out national air-routes. Some Professor of Foresight ought to make a study of this, with illustrations from British policy in the Middle East, and with an eye on the future of the Arctic, say, and the north-west coast of Africa and south-west Spain, and the islands in mid-Pacific.

Here, then, is the general case for international control. What plans have been made for the control?

First there is a memorandum prepared last year by a non-party group in Paris, under the inspiration of M. Henri de Jouvenel, and written by M. Pierre Denis. It appeared on November 15th, 1931, in the review *Politique*, and has been reprinted in *Edition Spes*, 17 rue Soufflot, Paris. It is of interest not only as a most lucid and cogent study, but also as the evident source of most of the ideas of the French plan for civil aviation. It proposes internationalisation of civil aviation, abolition of bombing planes, a treaty of mutual assistance for the air, and a permanent League air force. We are not concerned here with the immense implications of this last proposal, but with two very interesting draft conventions concerning civil aviation. One of these conventions provides for the creation of an international Air Union to which the Governments

are to delegate certain of their sovereign rights as to air navigation, police, security regulations, signalling, pilots' certificates, and grant of concessions for public air transport. This Union is to be administered from Geneva and the Governments are to contribute proportionately to the costs of policing, subventions and research, and are to renounce all rights of requisition or mobilisation over the material or personnel of the proposed International Air Companies.

The second draft convention provides for an International Air Transport Company or Companies, to operate the services for which the Air Union grants concessions. The States forming the Union may subscribe to its initial capital. Various provisions are indicated, only summarily, about administration, taxation, aerodromes, the temporary operation of existing lines by the present companies, etc. And it is made plain that side by side with the great lines that cross frontiers, the U.A.I. would allow for the running of secondary air lines within the frontiers of a single State, such as France or Germany.

Many of the principles of this plan are developed in the French Memorandum Conf. D. 36 and particularly in its sequel, 115, dated April 14th, 1932. It deals only with transport aviation, but recognises, of course, that there must also be regulation of the small civil aeroplanes which are not internationalised. Here, too, is a suggestion for the creation of an International Air Union, or Unions, with an Assembly and Council. Only the Union will be allowed to own transport aircraft heavier than a certain maximum. There will also be international operating companies, to which the ownership of the planes may be transferred. There are various provisions about the States' contributions in money and material, about equitable division of orders for material, about the use of aerodromes (inadequately sketched), about League supervision, and about the operating companies. The opposition to actual ownership by an international authority would certainly be great. It is likely that the Germans will in any case continue to fight shy of anything like real internationalisation, and they will unquestionably do so unless this is coupled with abolition or extremely drastic treatment of military aviation. But this much seems plain: there ought to be some far-reaching control of civil air transport, probably amounting to internationalisation; there is already a very substantial, if not a completely adequate, basis for decision about such a control, and the case for control is economic as well as military.

And the case is not only coldly technical. Anyone who has flown even for the short distance to Paris, out of the gloom of London on a day of low-lying fog, may get for a moment a glimpse of the truth—that here at last is the great instrument of unity for which man has been searching, and which, now he has found it, he regards mainly as a possible weapon of destruction. In the brilliant sunlight above the clouds there is no distinction between England and France or between land and sea. In the commonwealth of the air the old frontiers do not run; no national labels will stick on the clouds that float from over France to over Germany. And there ought surely to be no national labels on the aeroplanes which can make every man either our neighbour or our fellow-victim.

SCULPTURE AND THE PUBLIC

SCULPTURE has become almost a popular art. Quite a number of people are interested in sculpture, and this is a new and curious phenomenon. All through the nineteenth century sculpture led a quiet and secluded life. It was never "on the town." People who would have blushed to be thought Philistines were not ashamed to say that they knew little and cared less about sculpture. No one thought or talked about the sculptor. Only when some important person died and a memorial bust was needed for a library or town hall, or, on still rarer occasions, when it was felt that a monument in a city square could not decently be avoided—only then did some committee seek out the sculptor in his hidden recesses and, after much discussion and deliberation, come to terms with him. And the great hope of the committee and of all the subscribers was that the monument should be so entirely drab and inexpressive that when once put up no one would ever feel called on to look at it again. In this way the *manes* of the departed magnate were appeased, the demands of public spirit were met, and no one was seriously incommoded in his daily life. By this ingenious arrangement the Englishman lived in happy unconsciousness of the art of sculpture.

The first grave shock to this placid condition was given when Epstein carved a frieze of nude figures high up on some medical society's buildings in the Strand. There was a violent outcry at the nudity; the frieze was an outrage to morals. I suspect that had these figures been in the conventional, rubbed-out, Greco-Roman traditional style of the day no one would have craned their necks to spy out indecency. It was something unfamiliar in the plastic idiom, a kind of rude archaistic simplification and a new vigour of accent that really shocked people who could safely wander through the museums of Europe without its ever occurring to them that a great many sculptures represent the nude human form, so little were they able to fix their attention on sculpture at all. The really new and disturbing fact was that it was brought home to people for the first time that sculpture might mean something. That was indeed a shocking discovery. And Mr. Epstein has had the Machiavellian skill so to vary the dose in each of his successive statues that the average man has never failed to react violently.

In France Bourdelle had accomplished a similar revolution in the attitude of the public towards sculpture. He too had found in a return to archaic forms a convenient idiom for dramatic expressionism. Mestrovic was a third example of the same tendency; but whereas Bourdelle had used archaic forms with such extraordinary tact and intelligence that the essential falsity and vulgarity of his appeal was not easily discovered, Mestrovic lacked the restraining influence of a scholarly tradition. His unblushing sentimentality would have shocked even the average public if it had not passed under the aegis of his archaic formula. This also had the advantage of lending itself to rich and attractive decorative effects. In England Eric Gill has found the advantages of a similarly compounded style. All these sculptors have discovered a method which is the reverse of coating a pill with sugar. It consists in giving to the sugary sentimentality of the idea a surface of respectable austerity. This inhibits the apprehensions of the aesthetic conscience and allows the spectator to enjoy what in another style he would carefully shun. Finally, Carl Milles has astonished the world with the dazzling bravura of his stylistic mixtures. More greatly daring or less scrupulous in his taste, he can carry through his magnificently commonplace and obvious appeals to melodramatic sentiment with a less rigid stylistic envelope.

All these men have then succeeded in bringing sculpture into the life of the ordinary man by enshrining in highly respected sculptural formulae ideas which are at once striking and obvious, which make no serious demand on

the spectator's imagination or his power of grasping the fundamental qualities of sculptural design.

The stylistic qualities which play so prominent a part in the work of these sculptors were the outcome of the taste for early Greek and Romanesque carvings. Gradually, however, there grew up in the years before the war a new appreciation of other forms of early art, such as Aztec, Early Chinese, and finally Negro sculpture, and at the same time Picasso, largely under the influence of Negro examples, began to experiment with geometrical shapes. Thus the hope of creating a pure non-representational art—as it were, a visual music—offered tempting new vistas of experiment. The outburst of modern sculpture which has of recent years attracted so much public attention in England is to a great extent the result of these influences, taken up by men whose memories do not go back far enough for them to realise how long ago similar experiments in abstract form were made in Paris by Brancusi and Picasso, and who might be surprised to learn that some of their older contemporaries, such as Mr. Dobson, once worked on these lines and abandoned them long since in favour of a more naturalistic treatment.

It is, of course, not in the least disparaging to these recent essays to point out that so far from being *le dernier cri* they are, in fact, somewhat belated survivals. The only question is, What do they make of the idiom which they have adopted? Now, so far as I can judge, none of those who practise the more abstract style have succeeded in creating such definite, self-contained and consistent forms as Brancusi was producing before the war. The efforts to create an art of abstract form both in painting and sculpture was a praiseworthy one. The experiment had to be made if only because the artist always feels the danger that is implicit in a representational art, the danger of accepting as significant what is merely accidental and contingent. But, on the whole, the experiment has been a failure. I doubt if Brancusi himself ever succeeded in creating a really expressive or moving system of sculptural relations, but one had to admit that his work showed a decided control of purely sculptural means to an intelligible end, and this is more than I have yet discovered in the recent essays in similar directions.

But for the most part the younger sculptors lean rather upon various primitive styles, like Aztec, Negro and early Chinese. Indeed, early Chinese animal sculpture affords the clue to most of Mr. Skeaping's work. Superficially, these might at times almost be mistaken for the originals. But to a closer regard they reveal an utterly different mental and emotional attitude, whereas the Chinese sculptor's spirit was tensely concentrated on the plastic character of his subject and his style was the unconscious outcome of his feeling, Mr. Skeaping appears to have concentrated on the stylistic quality which he so rightly admires. In a Chinese sculpture, beneath the massive and rounded simplicity of the surface, we feel the vital energy of the animal, the tension by which the forms are held together and cohere. In Mr. Skeaping's work the massiveness, the simplification appear to be the sole aim. The surface is inflated to ensure this end, rather than compressed to hold in the exuberance of the inner tension.

And Mr. Skeaping's work is in this respect typical of a group of young sculptors who, without being so deliberately Chinese, yet have picked up the notion that massive, clumsy, rounded shapes have some specific virtue. Thus we find whole series of nude women whose forms have been inflated to monstrous proportions. If they were not cut in the hardest of stones we should fear lest a prick in the blown-up skin would suddenly deflate them. I can see no valid objection to any amount of distortion which is necessitated by an intelligible sculptural theme, but it is impossible to regard mere inflation as a recommendation in itself. Sometimes I can find some attempt at balance and harmony in the general idea of a pose. As a rule, however, it seems to have been chosen merely to create the utmost idea of massiveness. But never can one find a general idea carried unfailingly through into every minutest gradation of surface, which is, after all, the great achievement of sculpture—an achievement frequently realised by such men as Maillol and Despiau. On the contrary, our younger sculptors seem to shun all expression of plastic sensibility, to grind or polish down their surfaces to blank mechanical inexpressiveness. They suppress all articulations of the parts; arms flow out of torsos as lava might flow into a mould, or rather as gutta-percha might be pulled before it hardened. They suppress all those accents of transition from one plane to another whereby the vital rhythm of the organism becomes evident.

All this implies that in these works there is very little food for the contemplative reflection of the spectator. At the first glance he receives a shock, perhaps a pleasurable one, at discovering that the forms of a very fat woman are contained in this stone boulder, but after this there is nothing left for him to discover; no new revelations of possible significant sequences open out for him, his eye slips idly over the bland, inexpressive surfaces, and he can do little but admire the veinings of the marble if the artist has been kind enough to afford this distraction.

Some of the peculiarities of this style are the result, I believe, of a feeling that there is something specially noble in the cutting of stone, particularly if this is a very hard and intractable one. And here we get the ghost of an old and peculiarly irrelevant doctrine which has long haunted the studios—the notion that the craftsman is somehow a superior being to the artist, and that the artist is saved in proportion as he is more of a craftsman, in proportion as he relies more on the skill of his hands than on what Rossetti used to call "fundamental brain-work."

In his gallery in St. James's Place, Mr. Sidney Burney has been showing for some time examples of sculpture of many times and countries, and among them a number of the works of the younger sculptors, and it has been rather a shock to realise how little evidence their work shows of any apprehension of the essential qualities of sculpture. They seem incapable of planning those larger relations of planes which control the general design and achieve a stable equilibrium of plastic movements. Still less are they conscious of the need for a consistent and rhythmically expressive surface texture.

No doubt the temptation is very strong to attract attention by appeals either to sentiment or to the stylistic snobbism of the day, but the real business of sculpture lies elsewhere.

ROGER FRY.

THE CASE FOR SCOTTISH HOME RULE

[FROM A SCOTTISH CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTERS to the *Times* from the Duke of Montrose and others, and references to Scottish Home Rule in the debate on the Address have made Englishmen at last aware that there is a movement of nationalism in Scotland. English politicians have known of the matter somewhat longer. They were even vaguely contemplating, at the time when the Irish question was under serious consideration by Gladstone, the establishment of some form of national government for Scotland, but the suggestion shared the fate of the Irish question, and was not seriously revived even when the Irish Home Rule Bill was passed. Several Scottish Home Rule Bills, it is true, have been introduced into Parliament during this century, and have commanded a majority among Scottish members. But they have had short shrift outside; and though two of the English parties now officially approve of the movement, neither of them when in power made the slightest attempt to introduce appro-

priate measures. The movement, however, has lately been rendered more articulate by the coalescence of most of its principal supporters into two main bodies, the Scottish National Party and the Moderates. The former is resolved on separate parliamentary action after the style of the Irish Nationalists, and includes all those who despair of extracting suitable measures from the apathy of the English parties. The latter, led by the Duke of Montrose, is still intent on pursuing another method, and attracts principally those men of experience and position who regard the leaders and personnel of the National Party as too rash and irresponsible, but are themselves no less determined on the ultimate object.

Both parties, but especially the National Party, customarily open their case by citing the historical grievance which lies in the way the Act of Union has been administered. To argue a historical grievance with an Englishman is certain, however, to make him believe that you are either disgruntled and perverse or merely frivolous. Here, then, it must suffice to say that no serious historian denies the existence of this grievance, by which both the Scottish courts and Scottish law in general have been deprived of the authority guaranteed to them at the Union.

More concrete evidence of the necessity for reform is afforded by the effect which the Union has had upon the economic life and development of the country, especially in the last few years. It is easy for an Englishman to point to Scottish industrial development and attribute it to the connection with England, but Scotsmen rightly point out that the same development was taking place all over Europe at the same time, and that there is at least as good a case for attributing much of English prosperity to the mechanical inventiveness and commercial acumen of Scotsmen. James Watt, Henry Bell, and the founder of the Bank of England, were all Scots. It is demonstrable also that, because the centre of political power attracts to itself other sources of power, the profits and control of Scottish industrial development have been drawn to London instead of contributing to the importance of Edinburgh. This has recently had even more unfortunate results. Retrenchment and reorganisation have often been carried out by the English headquarters of an industry in such a way as to inflict disproportionate suffering on Scotland. In the reorganisation of shipbuilding, for instance, three large Scottish yards were closed down to one unimportant English one. Rosyth, our main naval base during the whole of the war, was closed down, while the three English bases continue to benefit from the presence and work of the Fleet. Railway workshops since the amalgamation of Scottish lines with larger English ones have been removed from Scotland to England. All the Scottish works of the Calico Printers' Association have been closed down. Instances could be further multiplied.

In administration, too, the management of Scottish affairs from Whitehall has involved waste. Nationalist accusations on this subject are often biased and exaggerated, sometimes to the point of absurdity, as when Sir Alexander MacEwen (whose book, *The Thistle and the Rose*, is for the most part very fair in its statement of the Nationalist case) solemnly complains of "roads widened and flattened to an extent which deprives them largely of their natural characteristics." Nevertheless, it is difficult to justify such a fact, to give one instance only, as the possession by the Scottish Education Department of two staffs, one in Edinburgh of ninety-six and one in London of sixty-eight. And in the matter of finance, though separate figures are not published after 1922, it does appear from reasonable calculations that Scotland contributes rather more than her share, in proportion to either population or taxable capacity, to the part of the revenue which is used for Imperial services and receives rather less than her share of moneys allotted by the central government for local expenditure. Although these disproportions are small relatively to the whole of the sums dealt with, in proportion to the population of Scotland the absolute figures are considerable.

The subject of legislation for Scotland is one of some complexity, but here again the present practice is neither the most fair nor the most practical that could be devised. Scotland has a judicial and legal system different from England's, both in principle and procedure, and the habit of tacking on to an English Bill a clause making it, with certain verbal alterations, applicable also to Scotland, creates innumerable anomalies and confusions. This habit also stifles the natural development of a body of law in which many English jurists have found points to envy.

Now it may be said that almost any section of the community could put forward as good a case against the whole, and many nationalists will admit that such grievances are no more than inevitably ensue from a partnership of two partners so unequal in size and strength. The point, however, which, if true, makes the essential strength of the Scottish case is that the injured section in this instance is a nation, more united in sentiment and homogeneous in race than almost any other in Europe, capable and anxious to manage these affairs for itself, and to find through this autonomy the means of national self-expression and cultural development. This proposition is in some ways harder to establish than the proposition that a grievance exists, but there is a good deal of evidence in support of it.

In the first place, since the national solidarity of sentiment will hardly be denied, we have to establish the reality of the desire for self-government. The existence of the two nationalist parties is something. Already they have been able to sway a considerable number of votes in parliamentary and local government elections, and to secure the approval of Scottish Home Rule by two of the three great parties in the State. Then there is the fact that every proposal of the sort has always commanded a majority of Scotland's elected representatives, and the whole of the Scottish press has come out in favour of the present movement, including even so conservative an organ as the *Scotsman* and the Scottish edition of the *Daily Express*. But there are also two other movements which deserve mention here, less because of their direct connection with the movement than because they express its more constructive side. The first, for which the reader must be referred to numerous recent publications, is the beginnings of a Scottish literary renaissance, represented by such figures as C. M. Grieve, Roy Campbell, Catherine Carswell, and many others. The second is the Scottish National Development Council, which, under the direction of Lord Elgin and Sir James Lithgow, is making extensive plans for the economic rehabilitation of Scotland, and has practically succeeded in establishing two new industries in the country. Among other proposals, this body proposes shortly to establish a centre to represent Scotland in London; and the preparations for the establishment of Scotland House, or whatever it may eventually be called, are well advanced.

Finally, what of the constitutional demands made by the two parties? They do not differ in essentials. Both include complete legislative, administrative, and financial autonomy in all matters which concern Scotland alone. Reserved subjects would be dealt with by an Imperial Council or Parliament, which would require a new or amended constitution, and include Imperial defence, foreign policy, Dominion, Colonial and oversea affairs, and the royal succession, as well as customs and such other matters as may be agreed between the two governments. About a constitution for Scotland herself both parties are vague, probably wisely, as the matter would be one for a Royal Commission, and not for a party.

The way in which the nationalist case is presented is not always attractive, but there is certainly a case to be argued, and the proposals made, of course with adjustments on both sides, might well bring as much benefit to England and Englishmen as to Scotland.

A LONDON DIARY

I LISTENED with great interest to the speeches of Lord Snowden and Sir Herbert Samuel at the lunch given in honour of the Free Trade Ministers who have left the Government. Lord Snowden's sincerity when he spoke of his pleasure in being free again was obvious: I doubt if he has been happier with this National Government than he was amidst colleagues whose policy he afterwards described as "Bolshevism Run Mad." When he said that he had no reason to think at the last Election that a Conservative majority would mean general Protection, not one of the Liberal faces round me looked convinced. But everyone applauded his caustic analysis of the results of Ottawa. When he ended up with a bit of Bolshevism of his own about the taxation of land values, there was an interruption, and I thought the audience was divided about half and half. Sir Herbert Samuel had less to live down and he outlined a constructive Liberal policy amidst general approval. But I am not sure if even he realises the inescapable facts of the present situation. Any Government in power to-day must necessarily advance towards more State control; it will be judged by its efforts to overcome the monstrous absurdity of "poverty in the midst of plenty." To take one sufficiently striking example of the present situation, about half the meat killed is thrown away because the farmer cannot get a price for it, while a recent official inquiry into distressed areas shows that in some places there are families who have not had cooked food of any sort to eat for two years. Can this or another Government find a way of giving this wasted food to the people who need it?

* * *

In replying to the splendid tributes paid to him last Monday, Lord Cecil dated his work for peace from the time when, as Minister of Blockade, he could see nothing but horror and waste in the war unless it led to formation of an international organisation for the settlement of disputes. He suggested such an organisation to the Cabinet as early as 1916, and his memorandum was endorsed by Lord Grey. As Lord Cecil has often been reproached with acting as Minister of Blockade after the Armistice, I wish he had also put it on record that he did in fact do his best to persuade the Government not to continue the business of starving the German people after they were defeated. My own admiration for Lord Cecil was born when I heard him speak in the Cambridge Union in 1919. I doubt if he ever spoke better in his life. His opponent was the Duke of Northumberland, and the attendance was a record. Most of the young officers who then filled Cambridge had no idea when they arrived what a League of Nations meant. Lord Cecil's eloquence and sincerity were overwhelming; four-fifths of the vote was on his side. I shall never forget him leaning over the table and waving a long, aristocratic finger at his opponent as he, a member of one of England's ancient ruling families, told the representative of the Percys that it was time to learn something new and to abandon an old and evil tradition in foreign affairs.

* * *

With luck or proper management the politician who changes sides in mid-career may pull off a pretty double, winning both the Radical and the Conservative prize. Joseph Chamberlain seems a peculiarly fortunate example. Mr. Garvin's first volume is a paen of praise of Chamberlain, the extreme Radical, the architect of the Caucus (which was then thought a kind of Bolshevism), the free-trader, the "gas and water Socialist"—the man, in fact, who stood for the new democratic England against the old regime of Whigs and Tories. But history is full of these ironies: yesterday's radicalism is safely praised while to-day's is denounced, and the great Conservative majority who recently rose as one man to cheer Chamberlain's memory can enjoy without a qualm six hundred pages devoted to praising the radical past of a man who spent the next twenty-four years in burying it.

* * *

I recommend some anthropologist who cannot go to Darkest Africa or the Cannibal Islands to investigate the school customs of England. The individual human life is said to run through the whole history of the race, and in our boy societies one finds most illuminating examples of totemism, tabu, and other primitive habits. In a new anthology of childhood reminiscences called "Little Innocents" Mr. John Betjeman gives a fascinating account of a savage rite called "The Basket" which flourished at Marlborough in the years immediately after the war. Of equal interest to the anthropologist is a custom called "bumping," which a case in the Courts last week revealed as being practised at a school for boys of between seven and twelve, kept by a clergyman. In this rite two boys catch the victim by the shoulders or the neck, and two by the legs. They raise the boy to be "bumped" into the air and let him down on the ground several times. It is, of course, unlucky if this interesting custom results in a boy breaking his elbow, and, as is alleged in this case, being handicapped for life by a short arm. But such ceremonies have made the Empire what it is. "Boys will always be rough," the clergyman is reported to have said, "and I rather encourage roughness; it brings out their character." When the boy brought an action against him, the Judge decided that there was no case for the defendant to answer.

* * *

Carlton Gardens and Carlton House Terrace form the best piece of town-planning surviving in the West End. This property belongs to the Crown, the leases are about gradually to expire, already one house has been demolished, and on its site among these dignified stucco houses the Commissioners of Crown Lands propose to erect an office building of Portland stone, half as high again as the surrounding houses. The taste of the Commissioners is notoriously different from that of most instructed persons. In their hands Regent Street has become a monument to the competitive ugliness and anarchy of our capitalist society. The public has a right to demand that the Carlton estate buildings shall not be destroyed until a general scheme has been prepared which will commend itself to educated taste. All that need be said of the present scheme is that it is the work of the architect responsible for the new buildings in Piccadilly Circus. I should like to see the powers of the Crown Commissioners transferred to the more civilised authorities of the Office of Works.

* * *

There was an article in the *Daily Express* last week on the case of Dr. Burt White which appeared on the same morning as my note on the subject and which protested in very similar terms. But I am not deterred even by finding myself in agreement with Mr. James Douglas. I suggested that the adultery of Dr. Burt White had not been proved. A "correction" to the original *Times* report now makes it clear that adultery was not even alleged. The complaint was merely one of improper and secret association. The British Medical Council must be casuists as brilliant as Suarez and Alfonso Liguori if they can decide at what point short of adultery an association becomes so improper as to disqualify a surgeon for his profession. And if secrecy is a professional crime, doctors will be wise to insist on a written permit from the husband every time they see a woman patient. Will not some feminist body try to convert the B.M.C. to a less mediaeval view of marriage?

* * *

I find Arnold Bennett's Journals full of curious and revealing things. Here is an example of what might be described as typically English behaviour. In 1911 Bennett saw a famous dancer in London, and notes: "Pavlova dancing the dying swan. Feather falls off her dress. Two silent

Englishmen; one says 'moulting.' That is all they say." The same year he sees the Grand Ruel collection in Paris: "The visitors while I was there included two Englishmen, one very well dressed, though his socks were behind the times and he had rouged his nostrils." He describes a visit in 1918 to Lord Beaverbrook in his bedroom at the Hyde Park Hotel. His comment is, "B.'s pyjamas second-rate!"

* * *

From an article in the *Times* entitled "A Manx Panorama." The italics are mine:

> It is enough to know in this quiet, wild spot of bird life, with its farming lands in the valley, and its mountains beyond, that the one distant "Her-rum-ter-rum" of the heavy gun brings a message that our Navy does not sleep, and is ever on *our* seas guarding and watching.

* * *

Under the heading "The Prince a 'Trade Unionist,'" an evening paper informs us that

> The Victorian Billposters' Union says that the Prince is a bona-fide trade unionist. He was appointed a life member of the Billposters' Union in 1926, and his secretary writes yearly conveying the compliments of the season.

CRITIC.

THE YO-YO MIND

A BISHOP has been warning us during the week against the cultivation of "the Yo-Yo mind." He did not object to recreation: it was even healthful in its own place; but too much Yo-Yo was not good for anybody. I wonder if the Bishop was right. Dr. Johnson once said that men were seldom less harmfully employed than when making money, and it may be equally true that human beings are seldom less mischievous in their activities than when they are playing Yo-Yo. There is always trouble ahead when people begin to think too much about other things than games. They turn to politics, theology, science; and revolutions, sectarian warfare, and poison gas are the results. The Romans obeyed a wise instinct in keeping their people quiet with bread and circuses; to cultivate the Yo-Yo mind was, in their view, the first duty of the proletariat.

It seems to me that what the world is chiefly suffering from at present is too little Yo-Yo. Would not the Jugo-slavs be better employed in playing Yo-Yo than in making preparations against another war? Could not the Germans spend their time more profitably at that childish game than in squabbling about democracy and dictatorship? If all those farmers of the Middle West in America were Yo-Yo fans instead of serious students of political economy, I cannot help feeling that a way would be more easily cleared for the cancellation of war-debts. Everywhere, except in England, people are beginning to think, however, and even in England I have met two or three men during the past week who took no interest in the Test Match. A dangerous symptom for everyone who cares for the stability of the State.

The question is whether the ordinary man was intended by Nature to be a serious thinker. It was a very noble dream of the democrats that every non-certified human being above the age of 21 has a brain fit to decide the greatest political issues and to choose the wisest of his fellows to make the laws; but the best that can be said for democracy is that it works on the whole better than anything else. In practice, however, when Demos gets the upper hand it loses its simple faith in democracy. It turns to the political experts, not to the common man, for its serious thinking. I doubt whether any victorious democracy will ever be so democratic in sentiment as the aristocratic England of the nineteenth century. It is easier to believe in democracy before it arrives. In a victorious democracy the leaders will probably say to the people: "Leave serious matters to us, and go away and play Yo-Yo."

It may even be questioned whether the ordinary man is more usefully employed in thinking than in playing games. Many of the most thoughtful of my contemporaries when I was in my teens seem to me now to have been frivolous wasters of their time. I had one friend who would talk about nothing that did not end in "ology" and who would spend hours among the abstractions of a metaphysical argument. Within twelve months he had converted himself by thinking to atheism, pantheism, and Catholicism, and did all that long words could do to convert me to each of the three creeds in turn. Herbert Spencer was presumed to be a great man in those days, and I had chunks of him flung at me till my brain reeled. If I tried to bring the conversation to a plane nearer my own intellectual level I was dragged back again with a half-hour exposition of Newman's *Grammar of Assent*. Then, when Tolstoy's *What is Art?* appeared, my friend began to take an interest in æsthetics, and would ask me such things as how I would define beauty. If I attempted to do so, he would expose the weakness of my definition in sentences that I could scarcely understand and drive home his victory by quoting learned authors of whom I had never heard. I should be inclined to say that he did more serious thinking in five minutes than an ordinary man could do in five weeks. Yet I never could see that his thinking got him any farther than if he had talked about football. He arrived at scores of conclusions, it is true, but he never remained at any of them for long.

I had another friend who made it the chief business of his life to propagate a philosophy of egoism. He spent most of his time stopping acquaintances in the streets and proving to them that they had no existence outside his own mind. It must be said for him that he was enormously happy, but not happier, or a more useful citizen, than if he had been playing Yo-Yo.

No one, I hope, will think that I am opposed to theorising, at least among the young. It is an admirable exercise for the brain and, in moderation, amusing. But, for the most part, it is merely a game—a game played with the brain instead of with the hands and feet. None of these theorising friends of mine ever contributed more to the advancement of the human race than did their football-playing and cricket-playing contemporaries. Most of them, I imagine, indeed gave up thinking in their early twenties and set about making a living.

Not that the hunger for knowledge ceases with the passing of youth. We remain capable of this craving, some of us till we are middle aged, the luckiest of us till we are white-haired. Economics, biology, psychology—how we long to penetrate their secrets! Yet most of us can never become more than smatterers outside our own province. We take up a book with the eagerness of a thirsty man who has discovered a well, and we read for twenty pages. Then we realise that our excitement is diminishing—that we are not really getting to know much more than we knew already, chiefly because this is not the kind of knowledge that we can assimilate. We may learn a few facts, but they are mere tit-bits of information in our minds: they do not fit into any pattern that gives us a new view of human life. Our working philosophy remains unaltered by them. It is difficult to be sure that the ordinary man is more seriously benefited by reading about the Einstein theory than by reading a detective story. His view of the universe is as extraordinarily vague after reading about Einstein as before it. He can make no use of his knowledge: it is no more than an entertainment to him, since Nature has endowed him with a Yo-Yo mind.

One cannot help wondering, therefore, whether the intervention of the Yo-Yo mind in serious affairs is a good thing or not. In all democracies we see Governments elected by people who ought to be playing Yo-Yo instead of

voting, and in some countries the Yo-Yo-minded are even compelled by law to intervene at the elections with their votes. The system works, but only just works. Even the statesmen are, as a rule, ignorant, and scarcely know what is going to happen a week ahead as a result of their actions. As for the peoples, they are bewildered. They cannot even understand how a creditor can be impoverished by receiving payment of his debts. The man who owes money is extraordinarily clear-headed on this point; but only a three-years' course of political economy could drive it into the head of the man who is owed money. I never believed it myself till the income-tax went up. If I tried to argue the matter out with a sceptic I should, I am sure, sink to my middle in a morass of economic fallacies. I should have to fall back on images and metaphors and argue that in international trade, as in air and in water, the thing to be avoided at all costs is stagnation. Men of science have told us, I believe, that it is possible to breathe fairly foul air, if it is in motion, and be little the worse for it, while purer air, if stagnant, will lower the vitality. And presumably it is this stagnation and lowered vitality that are produced by the pure-souled honesty of debtors. I do not know, however. If an economist tells me that I had better stick to Yo-Yo and leave economics to him, I will bow to his superior knowledge. I do not really possess the facts to argue successfully with a farmer from the Middle West. Seldom, indeed, have I known enough facts to convince anybody of anything. It has usually been one Yo-Yo-minded man arguing at cross-purposes with another. I read the Bishop's warning too late.

Y. Y.

PRACTICAL POLITICS

Lord Cecil had been a great idealist, and a man of ideals was bound to clash at times with those who engaged in . . . practical politics—MR. BALDWIN.

How profound are the truths Mr. Baldwin expresses!
How deep is his wisdom! How shrewd are his guesses!
For the worst of our troubles proceed from the clash
Between practical men and idealists rash.
To the man of ideals it seems obvious sense
(Since the fear of attack breeds the need for defence)
That if all men disarmed, so that none could attack,
We should be, at long last, on security's track;
But, somehow or other, that isn't a plan
That appeals to the hard-headed practical man,
So we're still spending millions on arms—and deplore
That we're all just a little less safe than before.
To the dreamers (including, I'm sadly afraid,
The Chambers of Shipping and Chambers of Trade),*
It appears, if you've deals that you want to put through,
You must also let people do business with you;
But the practical people in politics know
You can best promote trade by obstructing its flow;
For the methods of warfare, in commerce, we find
Make an instant appeal to the practical mind.
To idealists, free from all practical cares,
Like economists, bankers, and men of affairs,
It appears that, whatever the value one sets
On collecting, when due, reparations or debts,
It is wise to forgo them, if grabbing the pelf,
While it bankrupts your debtors, will ruin yourself;
But in practical politics people neglect
The irrelevant sequence of cause and effect.
Thus, wherever we turn, we are met by the clash
Between practical men and idealists rash.
As we look round the world we must feel now and then
What a debt we all owe to the practical men!

MACFLECKNOE.

* See recent pronouncements of the Chamber of Shipping of the U.K., the Liverpool Steam Ship Owners' Association and the International Chamber of Commerce.

Correspondence

GRAND JURIES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Referring to the article in your issue of Nov. 26th on "The Farce of the Grand Jury," I should like to emphasise an important aspect of this question, which was, I think, insufficiently dealt with, and that is the great waste of money and valuable time that the retention of the Grand Jury entails. A Sessions or an Assize may last for any length of time from one day to possibly six weeks, but so long as the Grand Jury system continues all witnesses for the prosecution, with some few exceptions, both police and civilian, have to be brought to the Court on the first day, so that they may be available if required to give evidence before the Grand Jury.

Most of them are probably then allowed to go home, returning again when there is some prospect of the particular case in which they are witnesses being reached. As some of the witnesses may have come from long distances the expenditure, to the particular county concerned, is extremely heavy.

Several Courts of Quarter Sessions, including the one in which I at times sit, have passed resolutions in favour of the abolition of the Grand Jury system. When it is remembered that the magistrates who constitute these Courts are very largely those who serve on the Grand Jury at Assizes, it shows that they do not attach much value to the continuance of the system. So far as the value of a Grand Jury is concerned I do not believe, after considerable experience, that they serve any useful purpose, sometimes quite the reverse. In a case in which I was concerned some years ago a prisoner, called upon to plead after the Grand Jury had apparently returned a True Bill, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to a substantial term of imprisonment. Some time later in the day, in the course of casual conversation, it was discovered that the Grand Jury had in fact returned "no True Bill," and the prisoner therefore was brought up again and discharged.

Judging from the pronouncements of those who favour the retention of the Grand Jury system, their only reason for doing so appears to be that they envisage the possibility at some future time of a government which may prosecute vindictively those opposed to it, and they therefore regard the continued existence of the present Grand Jury system as some measure of protection for these individuals even though an experienced and judicial tribunal has already decided that there is a *prima facie* case against them.

E. AYLMER DIGBY.

12 King's Bench Walk,
Temple, E.C.

THE UNITY MOVEMENT IN INDIA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—There was universal rejoicing throughout India when a satisfactory agreement was reached between the Hindus and the depressed classes' leaders, towards the close of Mr. Gandhi's fast. It was felt, with a sigh of relief, that the fatal spell had been broken which had hitherto prevented the different communities from reaching a common purpose of national unity.

The British Government received unstinted praise for the generous haste wherewith the despatch had been prepared by the Prime Minister and the India Office which had released Mr. Gandhi from his vow. It is true that a few days later this praise was turned to blame when Mr. Jayakar was suddenly prevented by the Government of India from concluding his conversations with Mr. Gandhi; for it was hoped that these might have led on to peace. Nevertheless, the new movement in the direction of communal unity went on apace.

The poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who had been in closest fellowship with Mr. Gandhi at the time when he broke his fast, made a moving appeal to every party to forget differences and come to a settlement. Maulana Shaukat Ali cancelled, for the time being, his lecture tour in America and invited the Muslim leaders to Lucknow. Finally, at Allahabad, a comprehensive agreement was reached between Muslim, Hindu and Sikh leaders, whereby outstanding points in dispute between the three communities were amicably settled.

To state in general terms what happened, the Hindus and Sikhs gave way on their side with regard to all the important Mohammedan issues, on the understanding that the Mussulmans would accept joint instead of separate electorates. Thus, the

goal, which was nearly reached during the first Round Table Conference, was now accepted by all three parties at last. At the end of the Allahabad Conference it was decided to hold a wider gathering still, at which other minorities might be represented, in order to reach, if possible, an All-India decision in favour of joint electorates.

It is true that certain important Mussulman leaders from the North Punjab were absent from Allahabad; but it is also true that the general mind of the Islamic world in India is likely to view with favour what has now been provisionally arranged. The two Muslim Conferences, which were hurriedly summoned in Delhi, as a counterblast to what was taking place at Allahabad, were not largely attended. What is most noticeable of all is the "will to unity" that has been created in the hearts of all sections of the Indian population. There is now the fixed determination not to rest until agreement has been accomplished. This is most marked among the younger members of every section. The women of India, also, who are politically-minded, are the strongest supporters of the national cause.

From the side of the British Government two courses are now open. On the one hand, it is possible to disparage what is taking place. The slow, steady pressure of the administration might thus be turned against it. This could be done without anything appearing on the surface. The merest hint of official displeasure would be enough to do the mischief. Press telegrams, from India to Great Britain, have already been regarded in India as pointing to such disparagement, and a high state of tension has been excited in consequence. One of the national leaders, Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar, deeply respected by all parties alike, has written to the newspapers pleading for a generous consideration of the unity movement on the part of the English and Indian press. A generous answer to their appeal would remove growing suspicions and also warn the Government of India against taking a wrong direction.

On the other hand, instead of thwarting or disparaging the new unity movement, the Government of India might openly and warmly welcome it and thus help to make it a complete success. If this latter course is taken promptly and effectively, it will do much to restore confidence and goodwill between India and Great Britain.

C. F. ANDREWS.

London.

BELGIAN NEUTRALITY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—While in full agreement with "Critic" that if international relations are to improve, the claims of national sovereignty must be modified, may I protest against the accusation of dishonesty and cynicism made against Lord Grey and British pre-war diplomacy?

In the extracts that have been so much quoted recently, Lord Grey's full minute reads, "I am much obliged for this useful minute; I think it sums up the situation very well, though Sir C. Hardinge's reflection is also to the point." It dealt primarily with Sir Eyre Crowe's minute, not with Lord Hardinge's; it contains no approval of the possible line of action mentioned by the latter, *though*, it remarks, this must not be ignored. Surely this is the only comment a statesman responsible for possibly bringing his country into war could make on Lord Hardinge's, "Supposing that France violated the neutrality of Belgium in a war against Germany, etc., etc."

By quoting as he did only the last three words of Lord Grey's minute, "Critic" gives a quite misleading twist to its meaning, and one most unjust to those concerned.

Again, though "Critic" refers to *The Memoirs of General Joffre* in building up his case, he refrains from either printing or even summarising Lord Grey's comments on them in his letter to the *Times*. There Lord Grey draws the very important distinction between the French General Staff and the French Government, which "Critic" slurs over, and states categorically that it was in deference to our warnings the French abandoned the scheme which risked an invasion of Belgium, itself only one of various hypothetical alternatives drawn up by the French General Staff. An unprejudiced perusal of the letter makes it clear that Great Britain took no cynical view of Belgian neutrality, but exerted itself very successfully to see that it should be respected.

Finally, is our pre-war attitude fairly described by "Critic" when he says, "We were guarantors of Belgian neutrality—but with the inward reservation that we would not honour our obligation *if it did not pay us to do so*"? When it is remembered that the action we took was successful in restraining the French from even contemplating an invasion of Belgium, can we honestly be thus condemned because we did not go further and employ a threat that might have involved our joining Germany against France—a threat which events prove was quite unnecessary?

The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham. L. J. CADBURY.

[Critic replies: "*Cynical* is the word Lord Grey used for an attitude towards our foreign obligations which, I suggested, was unavoidable in the anarchic conditions before 1914. *Dishonesty* is Mr. Cadbury's word. I did not and should never have thought of using it of Lord Grey.

"I agree that Lord Grey's comment was the only possible one and respect his honest recognition of the situation. I said 'General Staff,' not 'French Government,' so what is Mr. Cadbury's complaint? I said in terms, which Mr. Cadbury actually quotes as if they were Lord Grey's, that he did his best to avoid the possibility of a French invasion of Belgium and that 'in deference to our warnings' (my own phrase), the French staff abandoned their plan.

"I cannot see what Mr. Cadbury, who apparently agrees with me, on the main issue, has to complain of. I said that Lord Grey was perfectly right in realising that we should not, in some circumstances, honour our obligation, and that he very rightly tried to prevent these circumstances from arising. No one is likely to assert that we should have fought if France had invaded Belgium, so what is all the pother about?"—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

RENT CONTROL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I view with grave concern the Bill now introduced to amend the Rent Acts. If passed it will bring distress and difficulty into tens of thousands of homes where the struggle to keep going will be intensified.

These Acts have been invaluable in restricting profiteering and in preventing yet heavier burdens being imposed upon poor families, and it has to be admitted that the vast majority of controlled houses will be left alone by the proposed amendments. This may be due to good feeling or it may be due to fear of possible consequences. The small party in the House does not represent the strength of Labour in the country, and weekly wage earners have power not to be lightly regarded! But there are other poor families comparatively helpless and unchampioned, who generally suffer in silence with none to speak for them. It is common knowledge that the so-called "middle classes" have been hit devastatingly by the war and world depression and by the calamitous shock to the private investment system. Many have lost half their incomes.

Then why choose this moment to add to their anxieties? The danger of profiteering is by no means over. One is constantly hearing of cases even now where it is claimed that so much has been done to remedy the shortage; and when protection is removed shall we find that the leopard has changed his spots? Property owners backed by wealth and powerful organisations are by no means voiceless, and they deafen us with talk about their hard lot and about certain abuses under the Acts, such as profiteering by tenants, but they conveniently forget the houses they have sold at two or three times the pre-war value. Nor do they mention that they are the only class who because of the war were given a statutory increase of income, viz., 15 per cent., and afterwards a further 25 per cent. to meet the enhanced cost of repairs. Can they deny that with rare exceptions they have unblushingly kept the 25 per cent. and not done the repairs—unless specially active sanitary authorities have applied compulsion? So that houses like my own have gone unrepaired, etc., since the end of the war.

If the Acts are to be amended so as to remove such abuses as this, and those which owners can legitimately complain of, well and good. But where is the justification for destroying the application of the Acts to any but working-class houses?

The energies of Parliament might be devoted more profitably to dealing with the whole question of housing in such a way as to ultimately secure decent living accommodation for every citizen of our land at a price within his reach. Present rents and prices are scandalously high. How can a working man spare from one-fourth to one-half of his income for rent and rates? The black-coated citizen is too often in equally sad plight.

The problem is a *national* one and demands national "planning" and provision.

SEPTUAGENARIAN

LIBERALISM AND FREE TRADE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I feel I shall be voicing a not inconsiderable body of Liberal opinion in asking from the Liberal ex-ministers some declaration as to the actual measures they would take, if returned to power, to implement the principles of Free Trade. I do not wish to over-emphasise this one item of policy as I feel that that has already been done far too much, but it is clear that no effective action can be taken to rebuild the shattered strength of the party until this major issue is cleared up. It appears to be generally recognised that unilateral Free Trade is not a question of practical politics for the present and we have had several statements which imply that the Liberal Party, in view of the fact that protection is now a *fait accompli*, should return to an earlier policy (developed to meet similar conditions) of bargaining with separate countries, or groups of countries, to secure mutual reductions of tariffs. But such a loose generalisation covers many different policies and it is vital that some definiteness be secured.

I suggest that the crucial difference between the different schools who advocate this policy turns on the issue as to whether this country should sacrifice its liberty to reduce tariffs against countries unwilling to participate in the bargaining or whether we are to retain our freedom to give as good terms to countries who do not, as to countries who do, give us reciprocal advantages. There are many in the party who regard that "sacrifice" as absolutely essential if any real success is to be achieved, and that seems to be the view of the majority of the economists associated with the Liberal Party, and it is certainly the opinion of many sincere Free Traders who do not claim the title of Liberal.

Even at the price of another division in an already divided party we must have a declaration on this point from the parliamentary leaders. There are certain "dicta" in Sir Herbert Samuel's speech on the Import Duties Act in which he envisages the necessity of penalising countries unwilling to do their share in a general lowering of tariffs. We have, however, nothing more definite than that, and in basing his attack on the Ottawa agreements on a constitutional issue of very doubtful validity, and an objection to bargaining as such with the Dominions, Sir Herbert would appear to be objecting to the only two features of Ottawa which we should incorporate into our own policy.

Magdalen College, Oxford. ERIC WALKER, Ex-President Oxford University Liberal Club.

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The determination of the Government to allow no interference with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's contracts in Persia makes it relevant to draw attention once more to the impropriety of private ownership of basic industries.

Captain Eden's speech the other day makes it clear that the Government is willing and intends to use any coercion it may see fit to force the Persian Government to abide by a contract made long before the full political importance of oil was understood.

It may well be that this present occasion will call forth the use of the State's instruments, the Army and the Navy and the Air Force to enforce the maintaining of the present contract. That is to say, that the taxpayer, who owns 51 per cent. of the company and has no control over its policy, is forced to pay 100 per cent. of the cost of maintaining the contract, not only for his own interests, but for those of the 49 per cent. of private shareholders as well.

If this is equity, then I am the Flying Dutchman.

Savile Club, 69 Brook Street, W.1. PHILIP JORDAN.

THE NEW REVIVALISM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—A section of your readers, I imagine, regards Christianity as an exploded superstition, but one which is tolerable if not taken too seriously. To these religion is objectionable in proportion as it becomes alive; and the Oxford Group Movement, so called, is certainly alive. Those, however, who do not take this view of religion will perhaps reflect that all live movements, whether political, æsthetic or religious, attract into their orbit cranks, weaklings, neurotics, and ill-balanced enthusiasts whose conduct and advocacy tend to bring the movement into disrepute. I have been trying of late to make a first-hand study of the Oxford Group Movement. The dangers to which Miss Gwyer calls attention are real dangers, and I could myself mention others. But wherever there is life there is danger; the test of this movement will be its power to overcome dangers which arise from its sheer vitality, and I have noted points in the attitude of its leaders which make me optimistic that it will succeed in doing this.

In the meantime, its insistence on the standards of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love constitutes a not unneeded challenge to other embodiments of Christianity; and, if in the long run it should fail with the sinners, it may yet have done something to call the righteous to repentance.

The Queen's College, Oxford. B. H. STREETER.

HOW TO TREAT NAUGHTY BOYS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of November 26th comment is made on the action of a stipendiary magistrate who at a Children's Court sent to an industrial school two boys, aged nine and eleven, charged with breaking into a warehouse and damaging property. It was stated that they had committed similar offences before. In view of these previous offences, in my opinion, the time had passed for the intervention of the Children's Guidance Clinic—even if at any period this would have been of service. I support very strongly the action of the magistrate. You add: "so the boys were sent to an industrial school and according to the usual procedure we may expect not to hear of these naughty boys again until the time comes for them to go to gaol." I dissent entirely from such views. These industrial schools—many of which I have visited—are the very means of preventing a child from subsequently "going to gaol," and the good results are very remarkable.

Where boys are falling into criminal habits and it is thought that a period of education and training in an industrial school is really required, the earlier that method is adopted the better is the chance of ultimate success. In these schools great importance is attached to moulding character. The education follows the lines of that given in the public elementary schools. I must add that for many years I have been a magistrate in a Children's Court.

J. HERBERT TWAMLEY, Hon. Treasurer, Bedfordshire Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The case quoted in your columns this week in which a stipendiary magistrate advocated the cane as a "cure" for what were clearly pathological cases of stealing by boys of nine and eleven, while decrying the value of child guidance clinics, is only another example of what one may call almost criminal stupidity at the hands of the Bench. In this case, moreover, it comes from a professional magistrate, and not from an "amateur" J.P. The need for an Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, such as held its inaugural meeting at University College, London on November 30th is patent.

New England is not reckoned as one of the most progressive parts of America. Nevertheless, in penology they are among the most advanced. In Massachusetts, about a year ago, a law was passed by which every case of juvenile crime *must* be referred to psychiatrists for examination before being sentenced. The principle is excellent, in spite of the fact that, no doubt, a reactionary judge has power to ignore the expert's report. And the psychiatrists in the State clinics, moreover, were busily preparing an educational campaign for the use of the judiciary.

L. J. BENDIT, M.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.M.
21 Bromley Common, Kent.

THE CONSUMER'S PARADISE?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"Critic" may be able to demonstrate as he does in last week's "A London Diary" that his wants as a consumer count for little in some spheres of the profit-making scheme of industry. He may even be justified in doubting whether he will be worse served under Socialism, but why should he imply that only within a tiny geographical area in West London can craftsmanship

and the personal service which goes with it be had in suits and boots, and only at a price for rich men?

He must surely have been singularly unsuccessful in discovering craftsmen who still exist and work in wood and iron, stone and clay, leather and cloth, and who are not in his West End area nor working for high prices. My own firm, for instance, claims to give exactly the type of service which he depicts, and at prices within the reach of those who are not rich.

ISAAC GOSS (OF T. GOSS AND CO.).

15 Newgate Street,
London, E.C.1.

EDUCATION AND MUSIC

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—If we hasten to take up the issues raised by Mr. W. J. Turner in his article on *Education and Music* in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, it is for reasons that make us value very highly his generous commendation of *Scrutiny*. Those issues are of the utmost importance, and we hope to persuade Mr. Turner that he need not withdraw his support when he learns that we have educational designs. For we believe that his disagreement with us is not as fundamental as might be gathered from a cursory reading of his article; treachery on the part of some of his terms, notably "culture," "cultured" and "cultural," would at any rate account for a great deal. When he condemns the kind of training in "appreciation"—whether of music or literature—that passes for education in our academic institutions to-day we are heartily with him, but we do not see the inevitability of his general conclusion: "Appreciation can never be taught, and all attempts to teach it are dangerous."

Appreciation is being taught anyway, whether we will or not—taught by the "ad. man," the journalist, the film-producer, the fiction-writer, and all the potent influences of the modern environment. This is what might fairly be described as the "forcing," if not of a "mass culture," at any rate of a mass substitute for culture upon the public, with the result that the artist is finding himself "without an audience." This is indeed a "way of destroying him." Not only are the "cultured, sophisticated, and academic" very much less likely to appreciate him than in the past; the "huge reservoir of naive uncultured people who provided the creative artist with his audience" has disappeared. These people, in fact, may have been "uncultured," but they were able to provide the artist with an audience because they had a culture. And because this culture has been destroyed by Progress it is only by a sentimental illusion that their descendants can be supposed to be more "open to fresh impressions" than the sophisticated. The audiences of Shakespeare, Bunyan, and Wordsworth, to take random instances, may not have been glib with the latest idiom of the contemporary Bloomsbury, but they were educated—a result both of formal education and of the environment—as no large public is now. Mr. Turner will probably assent at once to this last statement, but if he should demur it would be easy to provide him with the evidence.

The right conclusion is that if there is to be any hope of a public for art in the future (hope for civilisation, we would put it) there must be an educational effort of a kind never made before; to leave the public to Lord Beaverbrook, Hollywood, modern publicity, and the optimism of Mr. Delisle Burns is to give up all hope. It is because *Scrutiny* is associated with such an effort that it is likely to resist extinction longer than any merely literary periodical, however intelligent.

In any case we wish to thank Mr. Turner.

L. C. KNIGHTS
F. R. LEAVIS *Editors.*

13, Leys Road, Cambridge.

Miscellany

MAGIC

IT happened among the Kakwa, a tribe of West African origin that has somehow drifted across Africa to the Nile. Government business took me to the village of their chief, Kenyi, a man of an attractive personality and shrewd intelligence. After the customary formalities of greeting we got down to work, and, among other matters more or less trivial, he reported that one of his people had been accused of incest or homicide—I forget which—and had appealed to a trial by ordeal. The ordeal had proved him guilty and he had been condemned to the punishment sanctioned by tribal law. The opportunity was too good to lose, and though I reminded him that the Government did not look with enthusiasm on this method of trying criminal cases, the circumstances were such . . . and so on.

Nevertheless, I added, I should prefer to see for myself that in fact the ordeal had found the man guilty, and could it be repeated? It would be done immediately; the only protestant being the presumed guilty party who could see no reason for reopening a case so satisfactorily concluded, especially as (he pointed out) the ordeal could not lie, and having already established his guilt could not possibly be expected to revise its verdict.

The method employed at this ordeal is simple. It is conducted in the open air, and there is apparently no scope for manipulating the result. Eight small stones are placed on the circumference of a circle about two feet in diameter, in the dead centre of which a peg is driven into the ground. A pullet is attached to this by a string tied to its leg, of a sufficient length to enable it just to reach the circumference. One of the stones is named after the accused man and the other seven after near relatives of his, who may have had a hand in the crime. The magician—a tribal functionary—sprinkles the bird with water, while he mumbles the appropriate formula and adjures it to signify guilt or innocence without prejudice. With an adroit movement and a sharp knife he decapitates the pullet, which flutters round and round the circle for fully a minute after, until it falls dead, usually at the fullest extension of the string. If it falls on a stone, the accused man is guilty, either himself or with the connivance of a relative, should it be one of the latter's stones: if it falls between the stones the charge fails.

In the case in point the preliminaries were quickly arranged: the magician happened to be in residence at Kenyi's village and was quite ready to repeat his part in the ordeal. There were only a few onlookers, because the neighbours generally shared the opinion of the accused and saw no fun in flogging a dead horse. The ordeal had spoken and, for them, the case was finished. Now I have no knowledge of the so-called magic of white conjurers, which consists in a number of clever illusions and manipulations. It is possible, therefore, that if there was a trick I missed it. But I repeat that the performance took place in the open air, while I watched the proceedings very closely in the anticipation of detecting a fraud. I could see nothing even remotely suspicious. A complete candour and the solemnity of a religious ritual pervaded every part of the performance. So impressed was I by the atmosphere that I was hardly surprised when the conclusion of the ordeal corroborated the guilt of the accused man, who was frankly bored by the whole business. Nevertheless, being prone to incredulity, I invited the magician to do it again. A fresh pullet was brought, with identical results: but it needed a decimation of pullets to remove the last scepticism from my mind. Not till the ordeal had been repeated ten times—amid a growing wonder at the vagaries of white mentality—were my doubts stilled. There was no getting round the ordeal, however the thing was done, and the only result of my investigation was to confirm its efficacy in the minds of the Kakwa for the next hundred years.

This is not to say that all ordeals are necessarily beyond suspicion. Even a magician has his personal likes and dislikes, and subconsciously these may induce him to discriminate between accuser and accused when administering the potion of truth. For among the Lugbwara both parties have to drink of the poisoned cup, either in person or by proxy, and obviously the survivor must be in the right. The proxy, by the way, may be a relative (if one so foolhardy is to be found) or a friend, whose honourable duty it often is, or even a domestic animal, down whose reluctant throat the poison is solemnly poured. Chickens were so substituted at one ordeal which I witnessed, and the interest of the fascinated onlookers was so intense and vocal that

it only wanted some wagering on the result to make one believe that one was assisting at a cock-fight. Unfortunately, the mixture must have been unduly strong, for both chickens succumbed to the test—which proved not only that the accused man was guilty, but that his accuser was concealing material facts which would have extenuated the alleged offence. Indeed, when it was put to him, he admitted frankly that his own escutcheon was not without stain, and an amicable settlement followed. My suggestion that possibly the dosage could be manipulated in cases such as these was considered to be in bad taste; but I feel, nevertheless, that the magician, as the custodian of tribal morals, must sometimes strain matters to ensure that the right shall prevail.

The same desire to do better than the oracle can be seen in many other directions. Thus, if one wants to go on a journey one can throw up one's sandals and judge what the result will be by the position into which they fall. Yet if they fall unhappily, the inquirer need not abandon all hope of setting out, as he may throw several times in the anticipation that his luck will turn. He derives added confidence from this and can go ahead with his plans assured of success. Yet it does not do to strain the laws of chance too far, and most men are prepared to stand on the oracle's first declaration, whatever it may be. A succession of gloomy prophecies does no one any good, as I once discovered to my cost. I was setting out on a journey which I realised might have unpleasant consequences, and, as was the custom of the tribe with which I was then living, I took the omens with certain pebbles, which by a complicated process of distribution could predict the issue of the most abstruse problems put to them. They predicted death and disaster in no uncertain terms, and feeling vaguely distressed I jumbled up the pattern and repeated the process. Again the pebbles fell for death, and one and all advised me to give up the journey. Pooh-poohing the suggestion with a sophisticated arrogance, I handed the pebbles to a native friend asking him after the usual formula to take the omens on my behalf. They predicted death and death and death, at each of the three throws he made for me. Again I offer no explanation, nor draw any moral, but the fact remains that they all tried to dissuade me from going, that I went in their despite, and got into serious trouble which cost me the lives of three men who accompanied me. It would be unreasonable to suggest that the "incident" was deliberately staged to prove the infallibility of their oracle.

These instances suggest that one function of magic is to create an emotional situation favourable for a particular undertaking on hand. An exceptionally dramatic incident illustrates this well. A small detachment of native police became involved in a local rising a few years ago and were hemmed in a village. The insurgents, though ill-armed, took every imaginable risk with the utmost confidence, because they had been doctored with a magic drug, one of whose properties was to turn Government bullets into water. They were thus immunised against death. The police knew this and their morale was consequently deplorable. Especially was this the case with the sergeant in charge, a man of over twenty years' service, bearing an excellent record for courage and marksmanship. Yet his eye failed him completely in this critical situation, and (as he admitted) he failed to find the mark once, though the range was short. Then he recollected that as a boy he had been present when the warriors of his tribe sacrificed an animal over their spears before setting out for battle, and he promptly decided that the old war-magic, long forgotten, was the only thing to put him right. So, in the heat of the battle, he searched the village for a chicken (and only those who have seen a native catching a chicken can appreciate the full ridiculousness of the situation). Having at last caught one, he cut its throat, uttering the half-forgotten prayer of sacrifice, so that the blood fell upon his breech-block, and returned to the firing line, as confident as he had previously been ill at ease. He had found the counter-magic to the enemy's magical drug: his confidence enheartened the men under his command: they acted once more as a military unit, firing with precision and accuracy, and despite their previous losses were able to carry out a withdrawal in face of vastly superior forces.

J. H. DRIBERG.

A WOLF IN THE FOLD

I HAD always viewed with a mild curiosity the activities of the Group Movement at Oxford, followers of Frank Buchman, and it was without much difficulty, one cold and rainy evening not long ago, that I was brought by some of his followers to attend a meeting. In the train to Great Portland Street, as a prelude to the strange practices which I was about to observe, I was given to read a certain manuscript, which contained the heart searchings of an unworldly but dissatisfied German, a prominent member of the Group. This man, I was told, had travelled in all parts of the world, associating with kindred spirits to himself, of which I understood there was a singular abundance in America, and with them he had lived in various hostels, meditating on the profundity of the human mind and discussing matters of the soul in his leisure hours. He was by now thirty years of age, and it appears had never pursued any other occupation than enlarging his soul. His manuscript was called "The Divine Reality," and in German verse he set forth a strange confusion of Evangelical fanaticism and meaningless paradox, together with the slightest suspicion of Pantheism. Such phrases as "Never is now, now is never" and "God is everything, God is nothing," though aloud I had to admire them faintly, only conveyed to me the extreme indigestibility of the Deity.

When I arrived at the meeting place, an elegant house at the right end of Wimpole Street, the crowd of strange yet friendly faces was almost overwhelming. I noticed also that all of them gave to some extent the impression of worldly opulence. Here I met Herr Pflüger, the author of the manuscript I had read in the train. He had an air of conscious difference from any other man in the world, but he was above all conspicuous for the height of his forehead. Had he once, when viewing himself in a mirror, at the age when a boy begins to think of choosing a career, suddenly been astonished by the extent of his brow, and realised the sheer inappropriateness of such a brow for the more ordinary occupations, such as medicine, law, agricultural labour, or novel writing, and thereupon decided that mysticism was the only calling for which he was designed by nature? Such a question could not help arising in my mind when I first set eyes on Herr Pflüger, the eminent Buchmanite mystic. The others present were not so conspicuous by their appearance, but I was vaguely conscious of large numbers of tall, benevolent-looking ladies in black, with beads and bosoms, being obviously of that class of the inhabitants of W.1. most addicted to the vice of good works. Among these I moved disconsolately while they tried to make me feel at home. And then there were several archly pretty American women, with strong jaws and strident voices, a mildly aesthetic undergraduate, and a number of hearties.

After I had been made at home to the extent of being persuaded to sit down, a young man started talking. A strange voice, halting, and yet never at loss what to say after its pauses of pregnant silence. Each pause seemed to say "And so you just see how good I am." Exactly what he said is not, nor even was at the time, very clear in my mind, for there began to scour my feet, even in this luxurious fastness of Wimpole Street, a most ruthless draught, which kept me in touch with reality throughout the whole procedure. He knew that there were some new

members here, he said (looking at me). Perhaps the best way of giving them a general idea of the Group Movement would be to describe his own life. He had been at school at Granchester, he had played all sorts of games there, and never thought about anything. But he had felt that there was something lacking in life. And then he got to be head boy of Granchester, a splendid position surely, and he did his best to lead the school in the way it should go. But even that did not seem to be the supreme thing in life. Of course, he enjoyed it very much and was very popular among the chaps, but he did not always do what he ought. No, he would not like to say what he did, sometimes. But he was not really so very bad at school.

But then he went up to New College. There he decided to drink life to the dregs at all costs. So he bought a motor bicycle. And he joined a very fast set up there. They all had motor bicycles. And he used to go about with them doing all sorts of things, and once he got so drunk that his friends had to lift him on to his motor bicycle before he could go home on it (this rather puzzled me). Yes, he thought he could say he had drunk life to the dregs. And still he felt something lacking. He asked himself, "What is the good of all this?" (I listened hopefully.) And then, when he was on top of a bus on the Cowley road, it all came to him. It was no good. He would give it all up, and join the Buchman Group Movement that had just come to Oxford and turn over a new leaf. And so he sold his motor bike, and when he joined the Group Movement he knew that he was saved. He was a changed man. Pause—"Look at me now," it seemed to say. A wide-eyed young innocent he was, I could hardly believe the terrible story of the motor bicycle. Since then he has done nothing but tell people about his almost miraculous conversion like St. Paul, on top of the bus, and convert them to the Buchmanite faith. But what this faith was I never gathered. A lot of other people got up and said what a splendid thing the Group Movement was and how much better they have been since they joined it. But what precisely it was that made them better I did not understand, unless it was the opportunity of getting up and saying how much better they were. Perhaps it is a sound psychological ruse, a kind of organised auto-suggestion, but it disgusted me to see men and women devoting their whole lives to suggesting to themselves how much better they are than other people, and thanking God they are not as other men are. It is interesting to observe that there are more Pharisees professing to follow Jesus Christ than ever there were in the days of the New Testament. But these people seemed hardly to profess Christianity. It did not really come into the question. The Group Movement was the thing. And so they were very pure Pharisees. The cakes afterwards were delicious. FELIX WARDEN.

THE GAZE OF GIOTTO

WHEN I think of progress
I remember Giotto—
Santa Elisabetta and Santa Chiara
Of Santa Maria degli Angeli,
Assisi.
Have you seen their picture?
There have been centuries of painting since Giotto
And no painting like this.

That enormous mythology
Christianity
Is not yet ready for the poets.
Only the painters were free of belief or unbelief
And could draw their souls.

Looking at this picture
We see something has gone out of the world.
It is not the light of the Sun,
That still falls silently among the cities.
It is not the light of the Moon,
That is still a brightness upon woods and waters:
It is the light of the Holy Spirit.

Veni Creator Mundi
Why hast thou deserted us!

I have seen the lilies of the field
And their light is not the light of the lilies of Giotto
Blooming from the hand of Saint Elizabeth,
Whose bloom is the blooming of the two virgins—
Flowers, flesh and garments are one.

Innumerable forms do not make space,
Pattern only is visible.
It is space rolling itself out, curving and blossoming, in this picture.

It is the mind of Giotto—
Who was Giotto?

Veni Spiritus Creator
Let me look upon thee!

The silence of a multitudinous appearance of tongues
Like a flock of waves vanishing into the stillness of light.

Gaze!

Consciousness of the shapes of music is Silence.
And this picture
It is the *look* of Giotto.

W. J. TURNER.

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PLAYS AND PICTURES

Old Masters

THE Von Auspitz collection of old masters, now on view at Messrs. Agnew's, is a garland of varied delights. Fine as these pictures are, they have not the frigid magnificence of similar works enshrined in public galleries, and keeping a state which is sometimes rather damping to the enthusiasm. One feels that they were acquired for pleasure as well as for show, and the impression of a strong personal taste evinced in their choice gives the exhibition a reassuring intimacy. Perhaps the most interesting is the Ruisdael, *Ruins of the Castle of Egmont*, a remarkable piece of melodramatic yet convincing romanticism. But the same room holds a superb, tranquil Goya, a mellow sunset landscape of Bellotto, and, in *The Rejected Proposal* of Tiepolo, a masterpiece of haughty dignity undisturbed by any of the painter's too frequent factitious excitement. A Palma Vecchio portrait offers a splendid subject for dispute—whether the robe was to be left white, or ultimately coloured? The Memling, El Greco, Cranach, and Rembrandt are there to make the dazzled spectator realise the poverty of superlatives. No more satisfying exhibition has been seen in town this year.

Suburban Heights at the Lyric

There are still, no doubt, hundreds of "rare" spirits wilting in the stuffy atmosphere of suburbia. Perhaps at this very moment some cow-eyed daughter is being felled by the brick of a Balham obtuseness. It may be that these sufferings are worthy of a play. But Miss Franken, intending to show that her Stella speaks "Another Language," merely reveals how admirably she will settle down in later life in the bosom of the family in Belsize Park. Stella was modern in the depreciatory sense of the word; she attended an art school for two hours a week. True, her clay heads were very bad, but they were an outlet for her emotions. Rebelling against married life, she fell into the arms of a young nephew, another renegade, who wanted to desert business for an artistic career. One does not do these things, however, even in Victoria, so her husband saw in time how horrible he had been and Peter said good-bye to Aunt Stella, who found she only loved him in a quite auntly way after all. Miss Edna Best as Stella and Mr. Herbert Marshall as Vic go through their usual amorous tricks, and Mr. Marcus Barron gives a good performance as a kindly, anxious old father.

Unsophisticated Dance

It is easy in these days of formalised ballet to forget that dancing is the earliest of the arts, and Miss de Mille, at the Arts Theatre, by her return to a more primitive form attempts an interesting experiment. She and her partner are nearer to mime-dancing than to any of the more modern methods, and their interpretations are of emotions rather than of music. This naturalistic treatment is successful, especially in such numbers as *Spring Song*, *Harvest Reel*, and *Burgomasters' Braule*. She is a romping, animal dancer, rejoicing in her intensely physical reactions, but at times lacks dignity and poise and is almost entirely without grace of movement or manner, so that her *Hymn* (danced in a flurry of white Victorian petticoats to the tune of "Jesu, joy of man's desiring") fails even in naivety.

The Camargo Ballet

The plaintive romanticism of *Les Sylphides*, sturdily rendered by a British corps de ballet, provided the first item on the Camargo Society's programme at the Adelphi Theatre on Sunday night. It was a somewhat unfortunate, though gallant, opening. In the absence of such leadership as Madame Spessiva's—ballet-goers who saw her last season will not have forgotten the experience—more "amusing" and brightly variegated ballets seem to suit the available talent better. For example, *The Infanta's Birthday*, which came next. Mr. Rex Whistler's costumes pleased the eye, Miss A. E. Lutyens' music charmed the ear, and Eve, generously loaned by Mr. Cochran, gave a fascinating (and horrifying) display of contortionist grace. Let discreet silence shroud the third item. Finally, a modern version of the Book of Genesis, *Adam and Eve*, with Mr. Constant Lambert's music, costumes and *décor* by John Banting—the Serpent and the two Seraphim were particularly good—brought with it a breath of gaiety and satire. This last ballet, thanks to the conductor's music and to the dancing of Anton Dolin and Prudence Hyman, had an *entrain* that earlier numbers often lacked.

Sharks and Chivalry

Tiger Shark with Edward G. Robinson at the Plaza is, as far as the story goes, a silly enough film. But the sequences devoted to large scale tunny fishing are exciting and beautiful to watch, though some shots of the fish having their guts cut out may derange susceptible stomachs. But even this unpleasantness yields to photographs of sharks biting off men's legs and arms. Still, disagreeable as many of these sequences are, even the rather queasy onlooker will go away from seeing them with a certain moral satisfaction. Edward G. Robinson makes the best of a poor part, the very overflowing, vain, affectionate and chivalrous captain of a fishing smack. Paramount cannot be given much credit for the use to which they have put this most interesting artist. The descent from *Little Caesar* to *Tiger Shark* is positively Avernian.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, December 9th—
National Peace Council: Conferences on the international situation. Livingstone Hall, Broadway, S.W., 3.30 and 6.
"A New Way to Pay Old Debts," Birkbeck College Theatre.

Saturday, December 10th—
Adela Verne, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Sunday, December 11th—
Prof. J. C. Flugel on "The Birth of Modern Psychology," Conway Hall, 11.
Lionel Britton on "Art and the Multitude," Hampstead Ethical Society, 158A Mill Lane, N.W., 6.15.
Ernest Bevin on "The Next Labour Administration," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.30.

Monday, December 12th—
London Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Jonah and the Whale," Westminster Theatre.

Tuesday, December 13th—
Rev. B. C. Hopson on "Peace and Internationalism," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.

Wednesday, December 14th—
Elgar Celebration Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
F.P.S.I., Bertrand Russell, C. E. M. Joad and others on "Will Civilisation Collapse." London School of Hygiene, 8.

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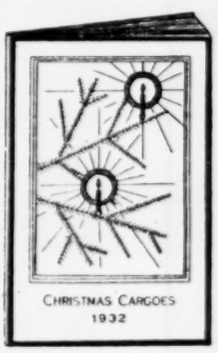

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CONTENTS

THE FAREWELL. By Norah Hoult . . . . *Page* 733

REVIEWS:

Our Great Extravagant. By David Garnett . . . 734
Trailing Clouds. By Rose Macaulay 736
An American Storyteller. By Peter Quennell . . . 738
Church and Capitalism. By Conrad Noel. . . . 740
Light Articles 742
Plums from the Christmas Pie. By Rhoda Power . 744
Scot and Spaniard. By V. S. Pritchett 746
Farming and Fiction 748
Mr. Belloc and Napoleon. By Francis Bickley . . 750
And All the Royal Family . . . By Anne Fremantle . 752
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"JUST one more, Johnny. And then we'll go as peacefully as the ship goes into port, as the chickens go to roost, as the lambs are driven to their folds, as . . ."

"Not one more. Go on. You have me tired talking. It's long after time now."

The publican scowled. A really disagreeable expression crossed the face that usually affected only a cynical good humour. He had given way once. He wasn't to be persuaded again. He knew his men: he wouldn't get the four of them out of the snug till all hours. And he was bone-tired.

"Well, if you won't you won't," said Gilmore. He was an ex-officer in the British Army, a neat, well-dressed man of Scottish extraction who looked a little out of place in the shabby snug at the back of Johnny's. He got up. So did the young Englishman, Hawke. So did Christie Burke, the big smooth-faced photographer, whose fine baritone was in great demand among them. Only Pat sat on.

He was the oldest of them, and the shabbiest. He did not look, with his flat red-wrinkled face, his small twinkling eyes and his chin covered with two days' growth of white stubble, like a poet. But a poet he was: and for that his companions gave him honour. Or, if not honour, at least a rich tolerance.

"Johnny, I'm afraid you won't go to Heaven," he called, shaking a warning finger.

"I don't know that I'm particular," replied Johnny, his good humour restored, now he saw they were really going.

"Well, Johnny, don't forget this. To-morrow night is my last night. You'll make arrangements. You promised me.

"And don't forget this, and you others, too. None of us will ever again be standing just here, looking as we look now. None of us will ever meet in just the same way any more."

No one replied. They were filing after Johnny through the narrow dark passage. Outside they stood in a small circle, all of them, with the exception of Pat, too gloomily conscious of their sobriety to talk much. Johnny was getting too strict, they agreed. Whether he was afraid of the Guards, or whatever it was, they hadn't been allowed a private extension for the whole of the week.

"It'll be different to-morrow. I've told him I'm going, and that he may never, never see me again."

They looked at him with mild scepticism. When he turned to cross the bridge and go southwards with Hawke, Christie said, "I wonder, now, if he's really going. I suppose not."

Gilmore laughed. "Not at all. Why, it was only three weeks ago he staged the same old 'for ever and ever.' Don't you remember? He came in nearly weeping. He was going to England by the next morning's mail. He was finished with Ireland. The political goings on and dissensions had his heart broken. He was being driven out of the country. He was nothing but a broken old man. The next night while we sat there he'd be turning in on the Embankment in London. He was nearly crying. After a few drinks I nearly wept myself. But I didn't think then he'd manage to catch the boat. And I was right."

"I wasn't there then," said Christie, "but I well remember the Sunday night he had the same story of his sister coming to fetch him back to the old home in Connemara. He was in great form—he kept reciting:

> I'm a farmer because of my father,
> But whether a poet or no
> I hear the soft footfalls of other time years
> When the moon spills her light on Mayo!

"And the next evening there he was. 'So you haven't gone, you old sinner,' I said to him. 'No,' he says, looking down his nose. 'When I got back to my digs my sister insulted me. She said I couldn't go in that state. She said I was drunk.'

"'Did she say that?' I said.

"'She did,' said he, very dignified.

"'Well,' said I, 'she never said a truer word.' 'What,' said he, 'do you mean to say I was drunk?' 'I do,' said I. 'Well,' says he, 'maybe you're right.'

"Well, I'll see you to-morrow. That is if I can get along in time. I've a bit of work may keep me."

"I shan't be there," said Gilmore. "I've an appointment I forgot about. But I'll be seeing you soon."

They parted. At the same time, Pat, having said farewell to young Hawke, was walking back to his digs along the south side of Stephen's Green. His mind had relapsed into a comfortable state of alcoholic drowsiness. Once he looked up at the sky, a beautiful windy sky, and thought, "To-morrow, at this time, I'll be driving along under the night sky of old Ireland. From east to west I shall go. And I shall see the dawn break." He nodded to himself happily.

The next day when he awoke, he found a slightly uneasy feeling had awakened with him. Then he remembered that this was the day he was going back to his old father and mother. When he had dressed, he got out his sister's letter again to assure himself that he hadn't imagined it. It said stiffly that his mother was getting very old, and that she'd been asking for him. It ended: "I shall call for you at ten sharp in the car, and I hope you won't be like you were last time, and that you'll make yourself look clean and neat, and not disgrace me entirely."

He threw it down in disgust. A sordid, drab little note. It reduced a glorious return to the Hills of Connemara, "the wild-eyed hills," to a shabby, mean sneaking back with his tail between his legs. He was to be taken in on sufferance because his mother was old and sick. He'd be watched by women all day . . . impatiently he shook the depressing thoughts away as one shakes away specks of dirt. Never mind. There'd be a great final union that night.

After he'd had breakfast given him he sat in the Green and watched the ducks, and the children playing. An old acquaintance came along, and they consumed two pints of porter across the way. After that he felt better, and went back to shave and pack his things into the old bag. All the same he didn't like packing. There was something cruel and irrevocable about it: you hadn't gone, but it looked very much as if you meant to go.

At six his landlady made him tea and gave him a boiled egg with it. Afterwards they sat chatting a while. God knew he'd had many a cross word with Mrs. Delaney on account of her interfering ways; on the other hand, she'd often lent him a bob or two when he needed it desperately. As a parting piece of advice he told her to sell the pieces of silver she had put out on the sideboard. It was waste of good money to leave them about useless. And they might get stolen. But Mrs. Delaney said again, as she'd said

before, that while she had the breath of life in her she wouldn't part with what wasn't hers to part with. For to her, that silver belonged to her dead mother just as much as if her mother was alive and breathing and calling out for a cup of tea. She was an obstinate woman. He didn't leave the house till nearly half seven, and she cried after him, "Now, be back in good time, Pat, for your sister, and don't let it be the same way as it was before. Mind that now."

When he got to Johnny's, there was no one there, but he didn't mind that, for it was early yet. Leaving word he'd be back soon, he went over to the Scotch House hoping to see someone. He passed a "Hello" with a bookmaker he knew, but he was talking with another man, so he didn't push himself in. After a solitary pint, he went back to Johnny's—only two strangers in the snug, and Johnny very busy in the public bar. So after a while he went outside and stood waiting.

It was one of those still, listless evenings, when even a big city like Dublin seemed to have lost itself in a vacant yawn. No one seemed to be about, no one at least that he knew. Of course it was a Thursday, and on Thursday the week had often lasted too long, and many a good man had to go thirsty till pay day. A sort of uneasiness came to him as he looked up and down. Supposing they didn't come. He ought to have shown the letter to them. But it was such a pitiful drab womanish letter for a poet to show.

A notion struck him. He'd go up and fetch Hawke out himself. He *could* call in on Hawke. His wife was friendly. Not like some wives. She was new to the country and had taken a fancy to him.

Outside Harcourt Street Station he stood for a while, for he remembered that a man he knew, Jimmie O'Callaghan, sometimes came in from Bray about that time. The train arrived, and spilled its passengers: Jimmie wasn't among them. On he went. He must hurry, or he'd miss Hawke. As he turned by a side passage into the square in which the Hawkes had their flat he did not see them come out of the house and hurry the opposite way to the tram line. He did not know that Hawke's wife had persuaded her husband to go with her to the pictures.

He knocked repeatedly at the door. When no answer came, a panic seized him. He'd wasted too much time. He must get back to Johnny's quickly. He'd be missing everything. He'd even spend twopence on a bus.

But the bus was long in coming, and there was time for a melancholy that had been trailing him for some time to take possession. It was a cold, dismal melancholy unlike the ecstatic voluptuous sadness that came when he had drink taken. Small chill clear voices told him decisively: "You *are* going away. You *may* never come back. You may die. You may never see Dublin and the boys again. And there's no one to shake you by the hand. No one know's you're going. No one cares."

He turned and looked resentfully at a young man who came towards him walking with a quick determined step. He knows where he's going, he thought. He knows what he is going to do. But how can a man know anything when he's sober—dead cold sober? He stroked his chin in sad perplexity.

The bus came. When he got out, he almost ran from it to Johnny's. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the snug was empty, emptier than when he left it, for the two strangers had gone. Johnny told him no one had come in. It was a slack night.

He was too baffled and unhappy to say anything more to Johnny. He went and stood outside. He felt shaky. He needed a drink badly, but if the boys turned up he had only enough money to stand one round. That was why he had been keeping off it the whole evening. And now they weren't coming. They hadn't believed he was going.

But he *was* really going. Nine o'clock. In an hour he'd be setting out. The thought was a long lonely hurting ache. There'd be no one to see him go. No trumpets sounding, no excitement, no thumpings on the back, nothing that should accompany a farewell. It was all poor and mean and pitiful. "I'm a broken old man," he told himself, and though he had often said the same before, this was the first time it sounded real. He felt very tired, and the world was a cold hard cheerless place where no lights shone, no music played.

He turned to re-enter the public house with a slow step. As he did so a familiar face coming towards him caught his eye. Christie! He was too moved to speak. He stood there with his hand stretched out feeling like a child that awakes from a nightmare to see a friendly candle and hear a familiar voice.

"But you're not really going?" said Christie when their drinks had been set before them.

"I am. Read this. Then you'll see." Pat thrust his sister's letter under the other man's nose, and gulped down his stout.

A warm, soothing hand comforted and mellowed the consciousness that had been shivering and lonely. He took the letter away before Christie had had time to finish it. "Two of the same, Johnny," he called, and then turning to Christie again, cried triumphantly:

"And after to-night, you'll never, never see me again. Never, never again!"

NORAH HOULT.

OUR GREAT EXTRAVAGANT

The Life of William Beckford. By J. W. OLIVER. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

This Life of Beckford is an extremely interesting and valuable book, as well it may be, since for nine years the author has been working on a mass of Beckford's unpublished manuscripts, notes and letters in the Hamilton papers. Faced with this, Mr. Oliver felt that: "To tell the story of Beckford's life frankly, justly and tactfully, was obviously going to be no easy matter"; but he has done his best "to establish the truth about him and to deal justly and sympathetically with one whose posthumous reputation I have felt to be very largely in my hands."

Beckford's father, the plebeian alderman who had made a fortune out of Jamaican slaves, died when his son was nine years old, leaving him to be brought up by his aristocratic, tigerish mother, the original of Carathis in *Vathek*, and to inherit, when he came of age in 1781, an income of £100,000 a year. The child was precocious, extremely intelligent, sensitive and violently attracted by everything strange and fantastic. He loved music, but alas! "he never seems to have conceived of it as an intellectual discipline, and abandoned himself to a type of music which made a mere appeal to the senses."

Lord Chatham seems to have been the first to have discovered that what was amiss with the boy was his passion for oriental tales, and, thanks to the exhortations of such a godfather, we learn in the words of Dr. Lettice, the tutor, that "That splendid heap of oriental drawings has been sacrificed to the shrine of good taste. Mr. Beckford has had the firmness to burn them with his own hand." He was then thirteen.

But his passion for the *Arabian Nights* survived this holocaust, and in adolescence he became more romantic than ever. When he was nineteen he met William Courtenay, a singularly beautiful child of ten, and, in his own words: "It was then I grew sensible there was a pleasure in loving something besides myself." "There was clearly something morbid in his feeling," comments Mr. Oliver. Shortly afterwards Louisa Pitt-Rivers, who had been married for eight years to his cousin, Peter Beckford, the author of *Thoughts on Hunting*, came into his life. She fell desperately in love with him and he with her, but from the first their relationship was a triangular one, for Louisa shared Beckford's feeling for the child. Morbider and morbider! Or, as Mr. Oliver has it: "In different circumstances she might conceivably have been the means of curing him of his mental disorder. As it was she became an agent in its maintenance. . . . Beckford's letters to her during the next few years are full of references to the boy, confidential messages to him, and requests for letters to be conveyed to him."

Thus before he was twenty Beckford had given his heart disastrously. The secret of his life and its explanation was his

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passion for Louisa and for Courtenay. Fortunately, Mr. Oliver does not seem to have bothered his head about Louisa's reputation, and we find her writing:

> One instant I feel myself sufficiently irritated and courageous to attempt anything to rescue myself from this hated thralldom—the next instant the impossibility of pursuing any plan that would not be discovered, the hellish blackness of the crime and the fear of punishment. . . . I can conceive crimes but am too timid to execute them, and I am persuaded that were I ever to commit a premeditated Murder, even with the certainty of not being discovered—I should ever after experience a Horror which would make life hateful and prevent my reaping the fruits of it.

It would be exceedingly interesting to know if this were in answer to a letter of Beckford's, and if so what he had said.

But it was not all as gloomy as that. For a brief period they were all madly happy together, the husband and all the other relatives were outwitted, and for three wonderful days they immured themselves with some young friends with the blinds drawn amidst scenes of oriental splendour. At the age of seventy-eight Beckford wrote a detailed description of this party which had directly inspired *Vathek*. . . . "through all these galleries did we roam and wander—too often hand in hand—strains of music swelling forth at intervals—in which three of the greatest singers in Europe . . . most amicably joined. . . . It was, in short, the realisation of romance in its most extravagant intensity." And Mr. Oliver justifiably concludes: "There can be no doubt that during that Christmas season at Fonthill things must have been done which could ill bear the light of day."

That sort of thing would not do at all. Beckford's mother and his Scottish relations were determined to put a stop to it, and could think of no better way than by assiduously spreading scandals about him so that he should be coerced by the results. Beckford eventually yielded and broke Louisa's heart by marrying his cousin, Lady Margaret Gordon, who loved him and for whom he felt a sincere affection. But the letters to Louisa go on and they contain some of the best things which he ever wrote, full of lively, vivid pictures and touched with enough witty exaggeration to make them supremely amusing to his correspondent. He was a delightfully entertaining letter-writer, and it is very much to be hoped that a complete edition of his letters will be brought out. They are, indeed, the great feature of this book, but we want them all. There is a fascinating account of how a lioness fell in love with him in the Jardin du Roi in Paris, and once or twice there is a cry from the heart. "Madame de Cambis, in one of her vehement moods, cried out to me from across the room: 'Que vous êtes intéressant.' 'I don't want to be "intéressant." I want to see you. I am absorbed in that wish. I have no other.'"

Meanwhile, encouraged by that odious individual, the Rev. Samuel Henley, Beckford had written *Vathek*, which, as Mr. Oliver points out with critical good sense, was drawn from Beckford's own experience: "The last chapters . . . are the real salt of the book. They are done from life. He knew that the fate of Vathek and Nouronihar must sooner or later be the fate of William Beckford and Louisa."

His love for Louisa was hopeless; then, just as he was about to receive a peerage, disaster came crashing down over Courtenay, whose education Beckford was trying to have put into the hands of Henley. Incidentally, though Mr. Oliver does not say so, the reason why Henley published his translation of *Vathek* against Beckford's express orders is now made clear. He was concerned for his own reputation to disprove that there was anything vicious in the book.

The scandal lost Beckford his peerage, but it brought him and his wife much closer, the ill-wind of adversity fanning their affection into love. A daughter was born and then, a year after they had left England, a second daughter. A few days afterwards Lady Margaret died. Beckford was heart-broken, while England rang with the story that he had killed her by his neglect.

Louisa, Courtenay and Lady Margaret, he had lost them all. He was twenty-six and there seems no reason to think that he ever gave his heart again—except to animals. His hatred for Peter Beckford confirmed him in a hatred for hunting, and his first act when he returned after ten years' wandering on the Continent was to put up a wall seven miles long and twelve foot high to keep out fox-hunters. At the same time he attempted the one political act of his life—to negotiate peace privately between France and England in 1797. To Mr. Oliver "Its chief interest being its revelation of the extraordinary depths of sheer silliness to which Beckford was capable of descending." To others the interest is that Beckford seems to have felt about the Napoleonic war as they themselves felt about the war with Germany—that it was an agony which must be stopped. In that, as in some other respects, he seems far more modern than his all-too-sensible biographer.

Then came Fonthill, eccentricity, and the old age which has often been described. "We of the present day, whose follies do not run in that direction, can see that it was rather an absurd and extravagant fashion." With these tolerant words, Mr. Oliver embarks on a consideration of the building of Fonthill. It is only over *morals* that he is so severe, and spending £273,000 on putting up enormously tall towers, and shrines to marble statues of St. Anthony, have not struck him as so morbid as "the pleasure of loving something besides myself."

"I hope you will not fall into the hand of a Pict," wrote the young Disraeli to Beckford in 1834, after he had tried and failed to get the latter's *Italy with Sketches of Spain and Portugal* to review for *The Edinburgh*. A vain hope. Beckford's daughter married the Marquess of Clydesdale. His manuscripts became part of the Hamilton collection and have found a home in Edinburgh. Hence this book, primitive in its virtue and primitively alien in outlook to its subject, who, as has been well said, can be likened to the evening and the morning star. Mr. Oliver can deal with the eighteenth century; it is the modern civilised man in Beckford with whom he is strangely out of touch.

DAVID GARNETT.

TRAILING CLOUDS

Little Innocents. Childhood Reminiscences by Thirty Authors. Preface by ALAN PRYCE-JONES. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.

How oddly other children were brought up! This is one of the impressions left on my mind as I read this pretty and interesting book in which a bevy (or is it a gaggle, or a pride?) of authors (but some are only authors for this occasion) have recorded some reminiscence of their first innocence, of what the legend on the wrapper calls, somewhat peculiarly in the circumstances, the heaven of infancy. Heaven, forsooth! Another and briefer word would seem apter for some of these children's early lives, so frequent in them are catastrophe, gloom, oppression, and the fear of hell. Many a green isle needs must, as Shelley remarked, be in the deep wide sea of misery; but the green isles seem to have impressed many of the children less than the circumambient sea. Or does instinct make us dwell on and exaggerate past woe in order to gratify our more prosperous present selves? Pleasure's crown of pleasure, as Tennyson did not remark, is remembering sadder things. Be that as it may, you will observe in these infants at play and at their tasks some happiness but more distress; and what grim Olympians guide the footsteps of many of these hapless babes!

There are, indeed, some records here as cheerful as those of the sundial. You may watch the future Princess Antoine Bibesco surrounded by pleasures, jewels, boxes of flowers twice a week, accordion-pleated dance frocks, ermine coats with tails, white ponies, oatmeal in the bath water, icing sugar at luncheon, bread and cheese and hot chocolate to break the morning, a kind governess, a mother beautiful, indulgent and adored, every comfort that can gratify a child. You can see Dame Ethel Smyth in her more tomboy youth, surrounded by an adventurous family and a pack of animal pets; Mr. Harold Nicolson successfully and intelligently suspending his music lessons to hear of his governess's call to convert the heathen and of his own lack of qualification for such selection ("No, dear, only the pure in heart . . ."). Lady Gerald Wellesley dreaming happily among summer woods and singing telegraph wires; Lord Alfred Douglas winning a race; Mr. Edmund Blunden fishing and cricketing, enspelled by the magic of the hazel-fringed pool; Lady Ravensdale assisting the most admirable of fathers in domestic and horticultural tasks; Lady Lowther, in the rowdy mid-nineteenth century, sliding down boards, hanging from trees, chewing newspapers under beds, being tossed in the air and caught, and enjoying the amenities of Pennsylvania and Paris; Miss Sonia Keppel triumphantly flinging her nanny's tail of hair beneath a dray; Mr. J. B. Morton stirred by the shouting of the Marseillaise; Miss V. Sackville-West stuffing the nostrils of Boer prisoners with putty (but hers is a mixed record, for she committed, besides this pleasurable deed, a Soleecism, and the prevailing note is shame); Mr. Brian Howard driving up into the mountains and the sky.

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All these children seem to have, on the whole, a balance of enjoyment in their memories—or did they decide to select their more agreeable hours for record? For my part, I made no such decision; the balance in my memory is certainly of enjoyment, despite all the anguishes piled in the other scale.

With others, this is manifestly not so. For behold the unhappy little Gerald Heard, brought up in evangelical gloom in Ireland, in "a world of nightmare and petty violence" and the authentic fear of hell, which prepared him for life's worst. Behold, again, poor little Charles Cochran, terrified by the "awful eye" of God, and by a bogy Devil with horns and hoofs. And our Provincial Lady, Miss Delafield, her imaginative life overshadowed by her conviction that she would burn in hell, and by a "profound and humourless gloom." And Mr. Raymond Mortimer, turned into a standing minority by a terrier's bite and a nurse's assertion that it was his own fault for disobedience (but wasn't it?). I do not accept Mr. Mortimer's own theory of his conversion into a minority dissenter: he was probably born one. Then there is Mr. Edward Sackville-West, witnessing the hideous accident that broke the Christmas revels; and Mr. Betjeman, sick with terror at Marlborough lest he should be placed in a waste-paper basket; and Mr. Squire, with his sad little memory of an untimely death; and Mr. James Laver—no, little James Laver does not actually seem unhappy, in spite of his forbidding environment complete with grandmamma, great aunt, and "Sunday books." Mr. H. J. Massingham's childhood, on the other hand, was a grim and stern business, under a Presbyterian nurse and an ogre God, whom at last he cursed in the lavatory. Why, one wonders, did not this unfortunate child consult his parents concerning these subliminal matters, instead of believing his nurse? It is remarkable what a tyranny hell fire seems to have exercised over so many of these infant lives. In my family we heard of hell too; brought up in a Roman Catholic country, sitting sometimes under the blood-curdling sermons of Italian priests, we could scarce escape it. Nevertheless, regardless of their doom the little victims played, for our parents conveyed to us that belief in the Devil's bonfire was one of the delusions of Roman Catholics, Calvinists, and other over-literal traditionalists, and that we were not to allow it to incommode us, or to regard it with more apprehension than was afforded us by the contemplation of Dante's infernal circles and other legends. Yet at the same time, and later, other little late Victorians, and even apparently little Edwardians, were being tormented by an infernal cosmography and a fearful ogreish God. Does this still occur? Mr. Cochran says not, and that hell and the Devil have been wiped out. But this, I understand in my own childhood, had already been done (anyhow in the Established Church of my country), so perhaps Mr. Cochran is as wrong now as I was then.

One child in this book evades self-revelation, which is scarcely playing the game. Looking for a (surely already witty) little Evelyn Waugh, one finds only his tale of the arrogant and reckless Rupert, with his dark bushy mistarsh, who preferred murder to defaulting in a debt of honour. It suggests an alternative and more romantic literary path which Mr. Waugh might have pursued. These fragments, indeed, rouse several such speculations. Had, for instance, Mr. Harold Nicolson been pure in heart and become a donkey missionary. . . . Will Mr. Robert Byron perhaps have a son who refuses to count the pinions of the plume moths. . . . And so on. . . .

Meanwhile, the one adult figure in this book, Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, reminds us again by his charming preface of how much blander a civility and wit adults have than the young barbarians in their charge.

ROSE MACAULAY.

AN AMERICAN STORYTELLER

Death in the Afternoon. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. Cape. 12s. 6d.

As a storyteller, Mr. Hemingway has few rivals. No one could say that he was a good novelist; for his equipment does not include any of those qualities, found in the most undramatic writers from Sterne to Henry James and Proust, which can evoke and sustain a reader's interest irrespective of the incidents described. He eschews amplification and digression; all the hard work that must have gone into his books expresses itself in an apparent absence of literary method, in a certain naïve awkwardness about the style. This awkwardness is always threatening to become a pose, and yet somehow usually manages to produce an effect.

It is less artificial than the Stein-stutter of Sherwood Anderson. Incidentally, both Anderson and Hemingway learnt their trade in journalistic work and employ a style strongly coloured by its influence. But, even here, the distinction is very plain. Anderson was—and is—a country journalist who holds apart from Europe and the great centres and writes with a kind of rambling rustic brogue, as though he were telling a tale in the local grocer's shop—perhaps to the accompaniment of a chewed straw—while Hemingway served his apprenticeship in Asia Minor, where he witnessed the dreadful retreat of the Greek armies. He is at home in Italy and France and Spain—not at home, of course, as were James' Bostonian heroes, but in the manner of a more modern type of expatriate. Europe is his wash-pot and comfortable drinking-den, a place of bull-fights and ski-ing and wonderful bars . . .

A place, pre-eminently, of "good times." Everybody is bent on having a "fine time," whether they go to Pamplona for the fiesta, as narrated in Mr. Hemingway's first novel, or whether they make love or fish for trout. Life becomes tragic, should they fail. The protagonists of his war novel, *Farewell to Arms*, have a splendid time in Milan and then in Switzerland, till the result of their cheerful hedonism trips them up. The improbable Scotch heroine dies in child-bed; and they are robbed of all the good times they had hoped to share.

Such, too, is the tragedy of *Fiesta*. A young American, impotent since the War, when he was shot down and badly wounded on the Italian front, is balked of having a good time with Brett Ashley, though they are mutually and hopelessly in love. Its last paragraph sets the tone of the whole book:

> The driver started up the street. I settled back. Brett moved close to me. We sat close against each other. I put my arm around her and she rested against me comfortably . . .
>
> "Oh, Jake," Brett said, "we could have had such a damned good time together."
>
> Ahead was a mounted policeman in khaki directing traffic. He raised his baton. The car slowed suddenly, pressing Brett against me.
>
> "Yes," I said. "Isn't it pretty to think so?"

—which is the *reductio ad absurdum* of sexual tragedy; never was the course of modern true love stemmed by a more matter-of-fact device.

Pleasure and pain are reduced to their prime factors. This simplification, not only of the lives they lead, but also of their psychological apparatus—they talk and think with the same deliberate lack of subtlety—is characteristic of human beings as Hemingway sees them. His personages might be living under the Roman Empire; but their paganism is neither melancholy nor romantic, and all they ask is a large allowance of bread and circuses. Emotions that they would otherwise devote to art are centred round the skill and beauty of the trained athlete.

For beauty is not excluded from his world. In his latest book, a treatise on the art of bull-fighting—as it happens, not Hemingway at his very best: the method is untidily anecdotal—he interprets various degrees of physical prowess in terms, almost exclusively, of aesthetic achievement. It is with deep emotion that he writes of the great matadors, and with acute sensitiveness to the beauties of line and rhythm that he describes their finished performances in the Madrid bull-ring—when the red cape directs the charging bull, and the matador, glancing aside through a graceful curve, lets the animal's blood-stained shoulder brush his tunic . . .

Dexterity and, above all, precision are what count. The virtues of Mr. Hemingway's narrative method—and that it has virtues no critic can deny, since it is clear-cut and admirably definite—seem to have been borrowed from his observation of athletic triumphs and to partake of the same strenuous sense of fitness. He is determined to write with the utmost accuracy. The opening chapter of *Death in the Afternoon*, which tells how he came to visit the bull-ring, also throws an interesting light on his literary aims: "I was trying to write then and I found the greatest difficulty . . . was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced. In writing for a newspaper you told what happened and, with one trick and another, you communicated the emotion aided by the element of timeliness . . . But the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion and which would be as valid in a year or ten years . . . was beyond me and I was working very hard to try to get it . . . I was trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest

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things, and one of the simplest things of all and the most fundamental is violent death."

It may be argued, no doubt, that here is a writer who by commencing with—and remaining true to—"the simplest things," violent death, physical courage and the like, while disregarding their psychological periphery, has distorted or crudely constricted his aesthetic vision. For the modern world is not all bull-fighters and ex-pugilists; nor is modern society primarily composed of the simple-minded hedonists of Montparnasse, rawly bent on having a good time. There are gradations and they are not for Mr. Hemingway. His strength lies in sheer descriptive skill, his faculty of reproducing staccato dialogue, as displayed by his two volumes of short stories, *Men Without Women* and *In Our Time*. *Death in the Afternoon* is sometimes moving, sometimes tedious, and frequently diffuse. It contains eighty full-page illustrations, supplemented by a glossary, but no index.

PETER QUENNELL.

CHURCH AND CAPITALISM

Faith and Society. By MAURICE RECKITT. Longmans. 15s.

Mr. Reckitt's book is not concerned with the mere ambulance work of the churches, but is "A Study of the Structure, Outlook and Opportunity of the Christian Social Movement in Great Britain and the United States." The first part is descriptive of Christian social thought from the time of the Oxford Movement, and of the various bodies, official and unofficial, which have contributed to it. He quotes certain fairly drastic utterances of the Anglican bishops and archbishops in condemnation of capitalist imperialism, pronouncements on the Just Price and the Living Wage, extracts from the outspoken *Fifth Report*, and discusses the contradictory recommendations of bishops both Anglican and Roman during the general strike. He describes the rise of such bodies as the Guild of St. Matthew, the Church Socialist League, the League of the Kingdom of God, the Oxford Summer School of Sociology, the League of Socialist Christians, the S.C.M., Toc H., and Copec developing into the Christian Social Council and its Research Committee.

His American section is valuable, for here he assembles facts about Christian social movements in the U.S.A. which are hard to come by. He might have added some reference to Father McGrady's (R.C.) *Unaccepted Challenges*, and to that brilliant but unorthodox work, the *Call of the Carpenter*, by Bouck White.

Mr. Reckitt's reference to the thought and work of the Catholic Crusade is appreciative and his criticism sometimes just, but he dockets it as a kind of revolutionary offshoot of the Anglo-Catholic Movement, with which it has few affinities.

Its sacramental teaching is non-magical and its theology nearer that of Rashdall than that of Pusey. For the roots of its philosophy one must look to Frederick Denison Maurice, a broad-minded catholic, not a "broad-churchman," as Maurice Reckitt puts it. It will be remembered that Maurice and Pusey came to the conclusion that they worshipped different gods. On its political and economic side the Crusade applies such doctrines as those of John of Salisbury and of the early Fathers with their cataclysmic hope of a New World Order to modern affairs. Mr. Reckitt quotes the present Pope's drastic condemnation of the financial oligarchy, his attack on the more callous plutocrats, his hopes for a better ordered society, but he omits all reference to his defeatist counsel to the poor and to his ignorant statement to the effect that the working class cannot get on without the capitalists. This would have given Mr. Reckitt his opportunity for referring the Pope to those "Ages of Faith" when the workers got on very well without them. In all his references to the Medieval Church and the guilds the author has failed to realise that these bodies, though inspired by the tradition of the schools and the early church, had to maintain that tradition in action and to fight inch by inch for their freedom not only against "secular" lords, but against popes, bishops, feudal abbots and the whole weight of church officialdom.

He is outspoken against the betrayals for which the Christian Church has been responsible, but he fails to show that Catholic officials had sold the pass long before the reformation, witness their blessings upon Spanish imperialism and slavery, and their watering down of former canons to suit such pious individuals as the Fuggers and their like.

There are in Part Two of the book some witty and trenchant criticisms of economic imperialisms and their inevitable "drive" to new wars, a good section on the meaning and value of leisure, and an interesting, but inconclusive, discussion on the morality of private investment and loaning.

Maurice Reckitt's own solution of our economic impasse is Social Credit. He believes it to be the most consonant morally with the Christian tradition; but, apart from its economic soundness, or otherwise, it is not apparent why Christians should separate the priests of high finance from ground landlords, speculating middlemen, press magnates, etc., and single them out for abolition, seeing that these vested interests are so closely interlocked and that the more lively Christian tradition condemns *all* exploiters.

We might expect in the second part of the book, which deals with world reconstruction, a sympathetic criticism of the experiment which is actually reconstructing a sixth part of its surface, but the references to Russia are few and sketchy and, but for one instance in which he damns with qualified praise, Mr. Reckitt's descriptions are hostile and misleading. He writes as if all the labour in the Soviet Union was forced labour, if that is what he really implies by the term "compulsory," and charges Communism with glorying in work for its own sake; but he forgets this when he urges us not to copy the Soviet plan, because the Russian difficulty is entirely different from our own. He declares that hers is a problem of starvation and under-production while for most nations it is a problem of starvation in the midst of plenty. If, then, there is a large element of compulsion in the Soviet Union to-day, he has supplied the reason; it is not that they glorify work for its own sake, but that they are obliged to speed up production by every possible means to create that plenty which will be distributed fairly and equally and will, they are convinced, lessen the working hours from eight to seven, from seven to six, five, four or even three, after which, as Dreiser, the individualist, writes (*Dreiser Looks at Russia*), "the individual may do with the rest of his time as he chooses."

Close observers of the Russian regime believe that this productive work shared by all, and by most undertaken with enthusiasm and without compulsion, is quickly building up what will in the future be that very "Leisure State" of which Mr. Reckitt dreams. They also tell us that there is even now much less compulsion than is generally imagined in the Soviet Union.

We have not only the evidence of Theodore Dreiser to this effect, but of Roger Baldwin, the champion of individual liberties. In his *Liberty under the Soviets*, he proves that the Russian dictatorship is based upon the people's will and that they participate more and more in the government of the country. He anticipates Mr. Reckitt's comparison of the Fascist and Russian dictatorships by demonstrating that the similarities are "superficial" for "the two dictatorships are utterly different. Not only are their objectives diametrically opposed, but their relations to the masses are wholly dissimilar." As to Maurice Reckitt's suggestion that the United States and the Soviets have "a deep correspondence of outlook," what strikes such American publicists as Theodore Dreiser and Roger Baldwin is their profound divergence.

It will be remembered that Dr. Dillon, who knew Russia intimately in Tsarist days and who lost not only property but his best friend in the revolution and would therefore not be prejudiced in favour of the Soviet system, went back to discover the truth about it for himself. The result was that he describes it in almost lyrical terms as a resurrection from the dead for most of the people of the country districts. Striking testimony to the same effect is to be found in Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's *My Russian Venture*. Mrs. Chesterton's sympathies are, as is well known, by no means Communist, but she was struck by the fact that the Soviet regime has meant the restoration to the nations and peoples who have thrown in their lot with it of their own languages and national customs, an actual encouragement of small craftsmanship and initiative, and a new and independent life for hundreds of thousands on the collective farms.

These testimonies are all from people who have either lived in Russia or have visited her, independently of any tourist agency. They might equally have been given from the experiences of Maurice Hindus, of Mrs. Charles Roden Buxton, or of Alexander Wicksteed.

And yet in the face of all this available evidence Mr. Reckitt airily asserts that the Soviet Republics "at the sole discretion of a centralised authority" are building up "a society more hideously servile than that with which plutocracy has long made us familiar."

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and "respect of persons," has abolished exploitation; yet Christians, themselves pledged to the destruction of these things, misrepresent and malign it.

What is the reason for this inveterate prejudice? Mr. Reckitt is perhaps naturally enough obsessed with the idea that "the agency for the world's redemption can be none other than the Christian Church." He believes that the Catholic Church is everlasting and the one authentic and God-given organ of the New World Order.* There are Catholics who are perhaps nearer to the best Christian tradition—and Frederick Denison Maurice was of their number—in their conviction that the wind bloweth where it listeth and their reminder that a more ancient church which believed itself in possession of an everlasting covenant was denounced by the Christ as refuse fit for nothing but the dunghill.

Christ's own church took its place, a divine international composed chiefly of the workers and inspired with the international hope. Passionately as we hope for its recovery and in spite of certain brave utterances of its leaders (seldom followed up by effective action), has it not in fact shrunk to a mere coterie of the pious bourgeoisie? What of its divine sanctions and other worldly values? It is argued that nothing permanent or goodly can come from a society not inspired by these. But are not social justice, comradeship and equality sanctions from above, and is not a blind denial of the good wherever it may be found the sin against the Holy Ghost? Conrad Noel.

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Rummy. By A. E. Coppard and Robert Gibbings. Golden Cockerel Press. 6s.

Hard Lines. By Oglow Nash and O. Soglow. Duckworth. 5s.

So This is Science. By H. F. Ellis and Arthur Watts. Methuen. 5s.

And Now All This. By W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman and John Reynolds. Methuen. 5s.

This Hilarious Universe. By R. Dark and T. Derrick. Blackwell. 4s. 6d.

Wine, Women and Soldiers. By T. A. Lowe and A. E. Batchelor. Methuen. 5s.

Easy Warriors. By A. Armstrong and G. L. Stampa. Methuen. 5s.

Dogberry. By Hubert Phillips. Barker. 6s.

The Week-end Calendar. Compiled by G. Barry. Bles. 6s.

Jane Hollybrand. By E. E. Foot and J. Thorpe. Howe. 5s.

Collected Verse. By Lewis Carroll. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

Though there are fourteen books on the table, it is doubtful, if we exclude the galaxy of genius and talent that is splendid in Mr. Barry's anthology, whether there are more than twelve authors. For if Nathaniel Gubbins is not smoking the pipe of Mr. J. B. Morton, it is certain that someone has combed that comedian's beach, and carried off some most excellent foolery in Mr. Morton's manner. *The Diary of a Worm* is, indeed, far better than *1933*; more spontaneous, sillier, ripe and resonant with the flavour of a Christmas Stilton. The Worm's controversies with the Worm's wife are a little too close in temper to Mrs. Caudle; but the rest of the book is gay, irresponsible, rollicking, whether in parody or narrative. *1933*, in comparison, is a cross book, unsubtle in its satire and too often clumsy and ordinary in its verse; it is redeemed by Mr. Bentley's deft and damaging illustrations, and this brilliant young artist is equally successful in his designs for Mr. Belloc's rhymes for adults only. These are Belloc at his best. A master in the management of words, here he kills his enemies with a felicity that even they must enjoy. Who can resist the moral lesson of

> John Henderson, an unbeliever,
> Had lately lost his Joie de Vivre
> From reading far too many books.

or that statesman, of whom the poet chants:

> I knew a man who used to say
> Not once but twenty times a day
> That in the turmoil and the strife
> (His very words) of Public Life
> The thing of ultimate effect
> Was Character—not Intellect.

Whether Mr. Coppard, with whom in amicable, pictorial and denunicatory rivalry is Mr. Robert Gibbings, really knows how to play Rummy, who cares? He has been given the chance to expound that noble game, and he takes it, and a great many other chances as well. He and Gibbings appear to have played Rummy all over the South of Ireland, and here is the history of that game, and the abuse it engendered, and the rules that were invented. Whenever Coppard says something severe about Gibbings, or a trifle sarcastic, Gibbings not only—he prints the book—puts a nasty little note in the margin, but often supports his case with a noble drawing of himself. To read the book is as good as overhearing a friendly, rumbustious row in an inn-parlour. And that is a better place for overhearing than to listen to the squealing in a speak-easy or the screeching and tittering at a cocktail binge: which is what Mr. Ogden Nash's verses recall. Sometimes one overhears a good thing; but not often. Mr. Nash is at his best when he is uproarious, as in the invocation: "Senator Smoot (Republican, Ut.) is planning a ban on smut. Oh, roote-toot for Smoot of Ut. And his reverend occiput"; also he can occasionally write a charming epigram on the lower animals, reminding us of the more serious poems of D. H. Lawrence, as in:

> The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks,
> Which practically conceal its sex.
> I think it clever of the turtle
> In such a fix to be so fertile.

The next three books—*So This is Science*, *And Now All This* and *This Hilarious Universe*—are instructive works. How seriously their instruction is taken will depend on the prejudices and possibly on the actual learning of the reader. There seems to be nothing wrong with Mr. Ellis's note "*The Ibis:* a mountain goat found in Egypt. Often confused with the Ibex, as here"; but possibly pedants will object to some of the entries in the chapter on Mammals. Most of Mr. Ellis's statements are precise, and convey knowledge in a way that will hurt no one's feelings, as in "*Piccadilly Circus:* The hub of the Universe. The Ancient Greeks thought it was Delphi, but in this, as in many other respects, they fell short of the truth." Whenever any doubt arises about Mr. Ellis's complete seriousness, it will be dispelled by a careful study of Mr. Arthur Watts's illustrations. This book would make a fine Christmas present for Mr. Gollanez to give Mrs. Naomi Mitchison. If he sent it promptly she could post it on to Mr. Arnold Lunn. Messrs. Sellar and Yeatman continue Mr. Ellis's good work, but their volume is for less advanced students. When they state that "knitting starts merrily in Australia, where it is found in *the raw state* on the great Australian Bush," are they not forgetting its earlier appearance in Crochet-China? Mr. Dark's essay is an introduction to the history of science, pure and applied. He prefers applied, and is indeed particularly partial to invention. He is rather ungallant in his reference to the stars as "an afterthought," but his history of the moon is discreet and definite. Mr. Derrick's pictures show that he is fully aware of the seriousness of his task.

We descend to mere human history, facetious as all history is if treated by trustworthy authorities, when we come to Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Phillips. Mr. Lowe's contemporary records of life in India have appeared in *The Statesman* of Calcutta. His style is pleasantly reminiscent of Æsop with a touch of army orders; and he makes his jokes with sobriety, and a pause for the laugh. His book shows that the India of Plain Tales is still alive, though not so confident as it was forty-five years ago. Mr. Armstrong's soldiers are different from Mr. Lowe's—they appear to be looser in the joints and free-er in the head; they are entertaining enough, and Mr. Armstrong's cheerfulness and eminently civilian mind should reconcile the most anti-martial to his humours. With Mr. Phillips we return to the school-

* Some prominent members of the "League of the Kingdom of God," to which Mr. Reckitt belongs, actually identify Church and Kingdom. In one passage (p. 78), he seems to accept that identification. Dr. Gore used to warn Anglo-Catholics against that fatal error.

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SECKER

room: here is instruction not so sharp as Mr. Ellis's, nor so confident as Messrs. Sellar's and Yeatman's, nor so finely academic as Mr. Dark's—but mellow and rich. There is something eighteenth century about Mr. Phillips's humour; he might have been to school with Dr. Syntax. He is not so successful when he abandons fun—the rhyme on Charles I is a sad piece of occasional verse; but how neat is the quotation on Mr. Plimsoll:

> I used to ask them (as a kid)
> "What was it Mr. Plimsoll did?"
> "He did what's all too rare—in fine,
> He showed us where to draw the line."

Mr. Barry must be proud of his week-end Calendar: here are selections from the competitions, the poems and the essays that appeared in his paper between March, 1930, and the end of 1931. The contributors include H. M. Tomlinson, J. C. Squire, Osbert Sitwell, V. Sackville-West, Richard Hughes, Aldous Huxley, Julian Huxley, John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, Rose Macaulay, Sylvia Lynd, J. B. Priestley, James Stephens, and others equally well known, including the paper's regular contributors—Gerald Gould, Ivor Brown and T. Earle Welby. The book is arranged in fifty-two sections, and each section is prefaced by appropriate quotations from Gilbert White's journal. A perfect book for the bedside, the train-journey, or any occasion when the pocket is empty.

Every admirer of Lewis Carroll will be glad of this collected edition of his verses; it is the first completed one, and contains all but a very few of the original illustrations. Perhaps the funniest book here is Mr. Foot's, who did not mean to be funny. Mr. Thorpe, who has edited and illustrated the poems, states that the original edition "Poems of Edward Edwin Foot, of Her Majesty's Customs," was published in 1867. The suspicion crosses the mind that Mr. Foot is perhaps akin to Spoof; and that Mr. Thorpe has invented this citizen of Ashburton, and his engaging rhymes; but the corroborative evidence in favour of Foot's existence seems too strong. He was a loyal citizen, and celebrated in verse the affairs of the Royal Family. Here is the first stanza from a poem "written on the occasion of the birth of Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, second son of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House, Pall Mall, 3rd June, 1865, at 1.18":

> 'Tis night! 'tis night! the solemn hour is come;
> A storm-toss'd bark, "'lexandra," 's on the foam:
> Sound an alarm, ere she is rift!
> To Heaven a hundred eyes uplift:
> His Answer comes as doubly swift—
> The winds abate; calm is the crested main,
> The goodly craft rides on in peace again.

The book is packed with passages as good, or better, than this. Our favourite line is, perhaps, that addressed to Thought: "O silent tickler of the human brain!" How elegant, too, is the beginning of the letter to Charles:

> I'm glad, Dear C., to find you're living still;
> And thank you for the usual quinine pill:

Many homes this Christmas will thank Mr. James Thorpe and Mr. Gerald Howe for this incomparable packet of singularly im-pure poetry.

PLUMS FROM THE CHRISTMAS PIE

The Land of Nursery Rhyme. Edited by ERNEST RHYS and ALICE DAGLISH. Dent. 7s. 6d.
The Silver Ship. Edited by LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH. Putnam. 6s.
New Tales for Old. By GERALDINE ELLIOT. Mathews and Marrot. 3s. 6d.
Moonshine and Magic. By ALISON UTTLEY. Faber and Faber. 6s.
Perkin the Pedlar. By ELEANOR FARJEON. Faber and Faber. 6s.
The Unicorn with Silver Shoes. By ELLA YOUNG. Longmans. 12s. 6d.
What ð'Clock Tales. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Blackwell. 6s.
Oola Boola's Wonder Book. Translated from the German by IVY CLEGG. Bell. 6s.
The Golden Keps. By HAMPDEN GORDON. Murray. 6s.
Puppet Parade. By CAROL DELLA CHIESA. Longmans. 12s. 6d.
Dragon Treasure. By ADOLPH PASCHANG. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
Mock Uncle. By BRENDA E. SPENDER. Country Life. 6s.
The Prince Who Hiccupped. By ANTHONY ARMSTRONG. Benn. 6s.
The Rectory Umbrella and Mischmasch. By LEWIS CARROLL. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

Gather a bunch of publishers from the best houses, make a careful selection of authors, stuff stiff with imagination and mix thoroughly with the spirit of adventure. Add an ounce of spice, a pinch of magic, and gravity and gaiety *ad lib.* Break in a song or two and flavour with fun. Leaven the whole with sufficient wisdom to keep it light, and, after garnishing and colouring with artists to taste, serve fresh from the printing-press on Christmas morning.

That is the recipe for Christmas Pie, which, by the way, seems to be smaller than usual, although the task of putting in a thumb and pulling out a plum is as pleasant as ever. Indeed, this year printers, publishers, authors and artists have stuffed it so full of good things that there is something not only to suit the taste of every child but to tickle the jaded palate of the most fastidious grown-up. And when the sauce for the gosling, sage or otherwise, is also sauce for the goose, everyone should be satisfied. What higher praise can be given to the Christmas Pie?

The plum for the "under fives" has been supplied by Ernest Rhys and Alice Daglish. Their *Land of Nursery Rhyme*, with its attractive illustrations by Charles Folkard, is full of old favourites, and others not so well known to the English child and gathered from that delightful American children's magazine "St. Nicholas."

In *The Silver Ship* Lady Cynthia Asquith has collected a crew of such famous authors as Lord Dunsany, J. B. Priestley (who warns his passengers "if you can still travel with half a ticket you are too young for this story"), Walter de la Mare, Alfred Noyes and Hilaire Belloc. The cargo is mixed, but the much that is good cannot be contaminated by the little that is bad; so the ship should come safely to port. In fact, I think it might make a suitable decoration for the Christmas Pie as its outward appearance is delectable.

Geraldine Elliot gives us *New Tales for Old*, with illustrations by R. W. Coulter, of the *Melting-Pool* fame. The stories are

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founded upon African folk-tales, but the anthropologist may be a little bewildered by the dresses in which his old friends are garbed unless he is enough of a psychologist to understand that the setting of a story for a small child must come within that child's experience, and enough of an artist to recognise that Miss Elliot, like a skilful dressmaker, has retained just a touch of the model's personality to add piquancy to her own creation. The "fives to tens" will enjoy this piece of fun as much as Alison Uttley's *Moonshine and Magic*. The latter is full of charm and whimsicality, from the gay dust-cover designed by William Townsend, who illustrates the stories, to the last tale of all, when the bull which got into the china-shop is retained as an assistant by Miss Tabitha, the shop-keeper, because she's so pleased with his delicate air yet manly strength.

Eleanor Farjeon, with the help of Clare Leighton and her woodcuts, also caters for the "under twelves," and her *Perkin the Pedlar* is among the finest plums of the collection. The delicate quality of her imagination is something which those who know her work can always recognise. It is so essentially her own, so unlike anything that anyone else can produce. This time she draws her inspiration from the names of English villages, Appledore, Idle, and so forth; and Perkin, who peddles in alphabets, gives us a fairy tale and a poem about a village for each of the twenty-six letters.

The Unicorn with Silver Shoes is another plum supplied by Ella Young. It tells of Ballor's son and his companions, Flame of Joy, Angus the Ever Young and the Pooka. The title alone suggests the Land of Faerie, with amethyst mountains and magic castles. If you have never been enchanted, taste this crystal fruit, and you will know the sensation. It is a good twelve and sixpence worth, but one cannot help thinking that no import, destined for the Christmas Pie, should be quite so costly. Expense deprives so many people of pleasure.

Speaking of pleasure, people say "you cannot eat your cake and keep it," but Laurence Housman disproves the statement with every stroke of his pen. *What o'Clock Tales*, illustrated by J. R. Monsell, will be devoured with avidity by child and grown-up alike, and their savour will last for ever. Exquisite, subtle, haunting, sometimes wistful, sometimes eerie, they are the most magical of all the ingredients in our Christmas Pie.

There is magic, with a difference, in Oola Boola's Wonder Book, so deftly translated from the German by Ivy Clegg. Here we have modern fairy tales with much practical information done up in palatable form. It is Science without Tears, or, rather with one tear, for, among other things, it gives the story of a teardrop which turned to wine. It makes the real world a fairyland as cleverly as Hampden Gordon turns fairyland into a real world by sending our old friend Paradoc, the Gnome, to search for *The Golden Keys*. And it makes old Oola Boola and his crotchety servant Christine as real as Carol della Chiesa makes her puppets. The latter, in *Puppet Parade*, throws some light on Italian customs and takes the marionettes so beloved of Italian children well on the way to English children's affections.

Adolph Paschang and Brenda E. Spender (with the help of J. H. Dowd) add the spirit of adventure to our mixture with *Dragon Treasure* and *Mock Uncle*, but *The Prince Who Hiccupped*, by A.A. of *Punch*, may prove somewhat indigestible for the young, who still like the sweets of the old-fashioned fairy tale. Parents and the more sophisticated older child will enjoy it, but it is a plum which must be served with as much care as Lewis Carroll's *Rectory Umbrella and Mischmasch*. The latter, one of the author's youthful efforts, full of entertaining drawings, is a forerunner of the immortal *Alice*, and shows the same humour, but children seldom care for such spice, and so it should be carefully rationed and only served to the grown-ups. There are plenty of other good things in the Christmas Pie, but enough has been said. The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

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SCOT AND SPANIARD

Writ in Sand. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Heinemann. 6s.

Unlike a good many writers, Mr. Cunninghame Graham rides into print with his national pennants flying. They are two. There is the Spanish in that touch of the amateur, that carelessness about form, relying on personality to pull him through; there is the Scotch in that way of creating atmosphere with an open hint that he is imparting knowledge at the same time—knowledge that he has acquired with zest and for which he takes due credit. Those odd bits of Spanish lore and proverb he puts in are for his own relish, as sailors will break into Spanish when counting because it is a language which stirs the ear with its rhythms and gusto. So complete is Mr. Cunninghame Graham's delight in the Spanish world, whether on this or the other side of the Atlantic, that one is tempted to make him the text of a treatise on the common sympathy of the Scot and Spanish characters, comparing the pawkiness of the Scotch humour with the dryness of the Manchegan, noting the common panache, the common love of display, the tribal pride, the garrulity, the decent association of frugality and hospitality as noticeable in Seville or Buenos Aires as it is north of the Tweed. "Intuitive" interpretations of Spanish and Spanish-American life are becoming more frequent—the swamps of the Chaco have lately called forth a corresponding slough of subjectivism in two or three Anglo-Saxon writers—and Mr. Cunninghame Graham appears to be the last of the school which really regards countries as countries and not as psychological irritations of the earth's surface.

This sanity Mr. Cunninghame Graham owes in part to his generation and in part to the horse. The horse made him a man of action before a man of letters; he had the luck to be a horseman in a continent of horsemen, and in the age when horses were unthreatened. There is a freemasonry, a whole rich roguery in the world of horses, and in South America as in Ireland a good horse is passport anywhere. One of the best sketches in *Writ in Sand* illustrates this fact most entertainingly by a description of the adventures of the sturdy and comic little Swiss, Tschiffely, who rode with two horses from Buenos Aires to New York in 1925. He was out to prove the reliability of the Criollo-bred horse and he set out alone with his Mancha and Gato, neither of which had eaten corn or worn shoes, on a preposterous journey through the heart of the pampas, over the Andes, along the coast of Chile and Peru, through Mata Caballos (Kill Horse) desert, the tropical forests of the north infested by insects and vampire bats, into Colombia and Mexico. The three survived and Mancha and Gato became continental heroes; in the neighbourhood of the big towns scores of horsemen escorted them, and President Calles

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gave them a military escort through Mexico—a greater tribute, perhaps, to the local banditry—and in Guatemala "we"—as Tschiffely always wrote in his letters home—"we" were welcomed by all the notables and several learned institutions!

There are horses in all the sketches in this book. There is the stationmaster's Zebruno at Paraguari, which Mr. Cunninghame Graham borrowed in order to catch up the remarkable train which went through flood and trespassing cattle to Asuncion in those days. There is the smell of horse-flesh in the sketches devoted to two outstanding eccentrics in the Tangier colony. The portrait of "Creeps" Crahall, the English painter, in his ruinous hunting clothes has a characteristic paragraph.

> No one could have looked less like the ordinary painter of those days when I first encountered him, looking like a second whip down on his luck. In his ordinary clothes he had an air as of a stud groom in a moderately good place. Not that he affected anything horsey in his dress; the horseman in his appearance came from the interior grace. He did not stand with his feet wide apart, head on one side and eyes screwed up when horses passed him upon the road. For all the outward signs he gave he might not have observed them, but very likely he would say next day, "That chestnut that passed us in the Soko yesterday had an old bullet wound upon its neck. I saw it when the wind lifted up its mane."

"Creeps" Crahall had a weakness for the bottle, and once in a while would disappear to the local brothel, where he delighted the lady who entertained him by making drawings on her bedroom wall—as he might have been primitive man in the Altamira caves.

"Creeps," and the wild, gambling Spanish Grandee who went charmingly through a fortune and ended his days in the appropriate and traditional penury, are typical fastastics which the world, and particularly the Spanish world, throws off as a taunt to the imaginative novelist. Mr. Cunninghame Graham has the eye and heart for this kind of material. There is no attempt on the part of the imagination to take it off the earth and make it into something new; he is far more interested in things as they are than in what words might make them. In his account of a circus, for example, the whole thing is jotted down as it occurs, the exact feeling we have about every turn—from the performing horses to the preposterous father who stands with his arms round his daughters' necks after they have all three imperilled their lives on the tight-rope, a monster of family pride. The whole account is so professional, with that knowledgeable faithfulness to detail which he applies to a horse, a custom, a turn of speech; so that the great tent brings its smell to the page. Here is the surprising last turn of the show. The Arab boys and girls have been performing, watched by their elders. Suddenly the elders leap up:

> Bounding across the ring, leaping and somersaulting so quickly that the eye has as much difficulty in making out their limbs as if they had been spokes of some great swift revolving wheel, they fairly outdid all the younger members of the troupe. Such leaps, such contortions, such quickness on the feet, such self-abandonment only could be seen from those who in the zowia of Si Hamed pay homage to the saint of acrobats. With a loud cry they left the arena, some of them shaking out the sand from their long hair.

That last phrase contains a typical piece of dramatic observation, small, but tremendous in verisimilitude. Of the heroic school of caballeros andantes, Mr. Cunninghame Graham never misses any man's gesture.

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Until that point there is considerable doubt, in spite of many incidental excellences, what Mr. Street is trying to do. At the beginning it is plane sailing (or should one say straight ploughing?)—he is going to give us the life story of his heroine, the cow Strawberry Roan; then it almost seems as if the book had been written for Mr. Morley, that pleasant farmer who "liked running things." No sooner, however, has the reader readjusted his ideas than he is given some 150 pages, nearly half the book, of a love story which, though admirable of its kind, destroys the balance of the story still further before Strawberry Roan again comes into the centre of the picture. Mr. Street, in fact, appears to suffer from a divided purpose, to tell a story and to write agricultural history, and as a result his new book lacks that artistic unity and coherence which won wide recognition for his former volume.

It does not, however, lack those other qualities for which its predecessor was also remarkable, and whatever its defects as fiction Mr. Street is on sure ground in dealing with the facts of English farming. There are the same keen powers of observation, the same often startling ability, in spite of occasional lapses, to arouse absorbing interest in the ordinary lives of man and beast, and in the land of which Edward Thomas wrote that it "offers symbols of peace, security and everlastingness." A sudden turn of phrase betrays the practical farmer. "A small profit, possibly, but that unique thing in agriculture, a quick return"; or "In commercial dairying, as in nearly all walks of life, the male is at a discount"; or again, "He realised that fundamental thing about farming—there is always a next year." Moreover, Mr. Street hardly ever sentimentalises either his human beings or his animals, and when he writes of two of his characters, who are gazing at a cow which is gazing at a calf, that "like most country folk they had developed this silent concentration of pure thought to a fine pitch of perfection," he does not make the mistake of trying to define their thoughts. He is primarily a recorder, who records sympathetically, honestly and accurately, and is capable of writing which endows the commonplace with an uncommon and exciting quality. Take, for example, his description of the first time the calves are turned out of their shed:

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31, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.

That passage shows the author at his best, and a very good best it is. He is equally successful in depicting human character, and his farmers and farm labourers and their wives are as alive as his bulls and cows.

There is a slight propagandist element in *Strawberry Roan* which does not in any degree detract from its charm. As he showed in *Farmer's Glory* Mr. Street is an advocate of dairy farming, and there are passages in the book which will not please ardent defenders of a wheat quota, who will doubtless regard it as a subtle attempt to promote Free Trade; they are sound sense for all that, and it is to be hoped that they will reach those to whom they are addressed, as well as the general public. It is also to be hoped that Mr. Street will soon be able to blend harmoniously his threefold desire to set down recorded fact, to proselytise, and to write fiction. He has it in him to write a great novel of English farming; he has the knowledge, the eye of a trained observer, the sensitiveness to beauty, and the literary ability—has he the added gift of invention? *Strawberry Roan* does not supply grounds on which to answer that question, and his admirers, the numbers of whom will certainly be increased by this novel, can only wait and hope for the best.

MR. BELLOC AND NAPOLEON

Napoleon. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Cassell. 16s.

It was hardly conceivable that Mr. Belloc should not sooner or later write a book about Napoleon. The wonder is that he should have kept us waiting for it so long. Among his multitudinous interests high place has always been held by great, dynamic men (very likely some literary historian of the future will put him in a chapter with Carlyle), by France and more particularly her Revolution, by the entity of Europe and by the art of warfare. It is impossible to think for long on any of those themes without encountering the Corsican.

Mr. Belloc considers him in relation to them all, and in another, less obvious, relation which connotes his own deepest and most abiding interest. The book which he has written is not, nor does it pretend to be, an exhaustive account of its subject. It does not supersede the text-books. Holland Rose and Fisher—not to mention, as I am doing, Fournier and Masson, Vandal and Houssaye—will still be the authorities for students and examinees. But no one interested in Napoleon, and no one who cherishes good writing on whatever subject, can afford to miss this brilliant and thought-provoking study.

It is a study with illustrations rather than a biography. For it is divided into two parts, very unequal in length and quite different in method. The first, a bare seventy pages, contains Mr. Belloc's estimate of Napoleon's character as conditioned by origin, environment and opportunity. The second, filling nearly four hundred, consists of over thirty detached episodes, beginning with the birth at Ajaccio, ending with the death on St. Helena, but for the most part battle-pieces. These are all sharply objectified, vividly dramatised. They display Mr. Belloc at his best as a literary artist, working in the field where he is most happily at home. With all his aptitudes there is none in which he is more pre-eminent than in the art of topographical description, an art attempted by many but achieved by few with real distinction or compelling actuality. Mr. Belloc's great gift for it was proved years ago in *The Path to Rome* and *Hills and the Sea* and *The Old Road*. His combination of it with an understanding of, and power of explaining, military tactics and strategy is unique. He supplies us with maps and plans, but they are hardly necessary, so lucid and precise are his own sentences.

Take, for instance, this passage, picked almost at random, from the account of Austerlitz:

> In the centre the two Emperors themselves were climbing the eastern ramp of the Pratzen heights, deserted and apparently open for the occupation of their men when these Allied columns should have reached the village and the flat of the plateau. But Soult had had his orders earlier; his massed command in that combe by the brook had gone forward with all speed, and as the enemy, thinking to meet no resistance till much further on, none, perhaps, till the plateau should be crossed and the watercourse beyond should be reached, found themselves suddenly and unexpectedly faced with the rapidly deploying line of the French, Soult commanded an immediate attack with all the vigour of the forces at his disposal.
>
> But there could be no reinforcement of those central troops of the Allies thus surprised and thrown backwards. Up to the north the struggle raged more furiously than ever. . . . When the moment seemed ripe Kutasoff threw in a heavy charge of cavalry which he might well believe would decide the matter on his right, at least, and therefore, perhaps, the battle. Napoleon had gone forward towards the threatened spot and counter-attacked, summoning the cavalry of the Guard, and those superb horsemen came thundering down in column carrying all before them, pressing back the nearly successful attack, thrusting it in confusion down the slope of the valley, eastward, and, in the success of their fury, compelling more and yet more of the Russian troops to be summoned hastily up to the threatened spot, leaving the enemy centre, against which Soult was victoriously at work, without reinforcement and its diminished strength falling back already in confusion.

How vivid it all is, and how convincing! Mr. Belloc leans on no named authorities. In writing history he eschews—and rightly in such a book as the present—what he has lately described, I think with too sweeping a contempt, as "the pedantic interruption of references." But one knows that he has not only read and pondered all that is worth reading on the subject, but has visited the ground and appraised with a minutely observant eye and a logical mind the significance of its every contour. Tolstoy depicted, superbly, the confusion of that great battle. Mr. Belloc, with lesser genius but with supreme virtuosity, disengages its essential structure.

In the initial character-study the writing is just as trenchant and richly coloured. But here we are among matters less easily ponderable. Mr. Belloc's dogmatism is provocative—"a Parliament, that is, a privileged and corrupt oligarchy, repulsive to all the instincts of the nation"—and some of his conclusions may well be challenged; though the challenge shall be left to those who speak with a more nearly equal authority. His worship of his hero is not very far this side idolatry. He sees him not only as a great soldier and a great administrator, but as the one man who might have given back to Europe, who aimed at giving back and very nearly did give back to Europe, the unity which had been destroyed by the Great Schism. He was a "necessary man," an ensuer of peace—the old *pax Romana*—and the potential saviour of civilisation.

This is a thesis which not all will be able to accept, though the conception of Napoleon as a mere minister of destruction has long been obsolete. It is involved in that deepest and most

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abiding of Mr. Belloc's interests to which I have already alluded, which is his devotion to the Church of Rome. By the unity of Europe he means, of course, unity in the Faith; and Napoleon, who in his view strove for that unity, he presents as *anima naturaliter Christiana*. It is true that he admits that he lost his faith at an early age, and did not completely recover it until the very end; and he ascribes his worst mistakes and final disaster to that loss. The Spanish campaign, which was the prime cause of defeat, was fatal not only because it divided the Grand Army, but because Napoleon failed to appreciate the nature of the resistance which it would provoke, which if apparently nationalist was fundamentally religious: he should have left the Catholic south alone and concentrated on the destruction of the Protestant north, that is, Prussia, and so saved Europe from the greater wrath to come. But "so great an intelligence could not wholly abandon religion. . . . That phrase, 'Those men who have the brains to understand the faith of Charlemagne,' was very Napoleonic"; and that he died "in full Communion" was according to the logic of his nature and not evidence, as might also be argued, of failing powers. It was only by an unhappy accident that the Grand Army was not arrayed in the service of the Church Militant. This is an interesting interpretation of the man who said that "religion is an important affair in a public institution for the education of young ladies."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

AND ALL THE ROYAL FAMILY . . .

The Regent and His Daughter. By DORMER CRESTON. Thornton Butterworth. 15s.

The Real Romanovs. By GLEB BOTKIN. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

A Princess in Exile. By MARIE, GRAND DUCHESS OF RUSSIA. Cassell. 16s.

Memoirs of Prince Blücher. Edited by PRINCESS BLUCHER. John Murray. 15s.

Grey Wolf. By H. C. ARMSTRONG. Barker. 9s.

The divinity that hedges kings conceals a great deal that is sordid, loathsome, and very disgusting, both physically (Lord Malmesbury complains that Princess Caroline "sadly neglects her *toilette de propreté*, and is offensive from this neglect") and morally (the way Princess Charlotte was treated by her father, grandparents, relatives and guardians would nowadays render them liable to prosecution by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children). So unutterably revolting indeed was the "family life" of the English court during the Regency, as described by Miss Creston in her superb essay, that any reader of it is forced to consider whether the Bolsheviks and Dr. Freud are not right in condemning the Family as an evil and corrupting institution, to be demolished as quickly as is possible. Certainly no book was ever more calculated to deter royally minded children (or grown ups!) from wishing "if I were king." Miss Creston has given us a fine portrait of Caroline: "missish" and vulgar, tactless and whining, yet generous, warm-hearted and very plucky; of the odious Regent, and also of Charlotte, "this astonishingly impressionable, and nervously sensitive" girl, with her good looks and immense vitality. Here are three excellent portraits, and that of Charlotte is a dazzling miniature, painted on a gold snuff-box lid, and set in diamonds. Yet this dear German "backfisch," smelling, like the other Charlotte, of wholesome bread and butter, is absurdly out of place in the tawdry and fungoid splendours and gaieties of the Regency court. The intrigues, the affaires, are tinsel-sordid; the false jewellery is tarnished and the whole atmosphere is artificial and unreal, yet throughout it romps this very simple, natural girl, whom Miss Creston describes with an admirable wealth of detail. Charlotte had her brief idyll—with Leopold at Charlemont she could "muddle about happily with dripping water cans, spurting the spray over her own special flower beds" or go Bible-giving with her husband (one Bible, given to an old woman, was of such vast proportions that for the presentation a servant had to walk behind them to carry it). But it all ended very soon—after less than two years. Miss Creston writes with that strange detachment from, and yet absorption in, her subject, which is the secret of the historian's art.

Mr. Botkin's *The Real Romanovs* is about quite as unpleasant people. Are all royalties like the Ella-women of Norse mythology—lovely and smiling before, with hollow backs, so that when they turn round they can be seen to have no hearts? Certainly it is a little unfair to judge any man on his valet's evidence, but the Botkins, who for two generations had been court physicians, were devoted to the Czars. Yet this account of Czarskoe-Selo is as fantastic as any fairy tale. Alexis at four turning angrily from Mme. Botkin who had dared to inquire respectfully after his health without waiting to be spoken to, Gleb's pictures of toy animals, drawn when he was nine, being suspect; his father ordering him to cross himself more frequently in church "for your failure to do so might affect my position at court"—these are truths stranger than fiction. Mr. Botkin's descriptions—of a day at court, of the Crimea, of the courtiers—especially of Orloff, Mme. Vyoubova and of Rasputin, read like *L'Ile des Pingouins*. Those of the approaching catastrophe are magnificent: the furious tempi of the gathering disasters, the crescendo of horrible events, from the hysterical relief at the declaration of war in 1914, to the murder of the Czar in the cellar at Ekaterinburg in 1918—are all excellent.

The Grand Duchess Marie's memoirs form an interesting complement to those of M. Botkin. He shows us the Romanovs as seen by a child at, but outside, the palace gates: and well illustrates both their vices—stupidity, hardness of heart, stubbornness, ostrich-like blindness—and their middle-class virtues—purity, domestic affections, simplicity, sense of duty. The Grand Duchess' book is by one of these very Romanovs, a survivor, shipwrecked in twentieth-century Europe, and describes her valiant efforts to adapt herself to republican conditions. She tries so hard to become a "real-mensch," and with her unwavering courage she has at last succeeded.

Very different are Prince Blücher's memoirs. Although he did not die until 1931, he frankly prefers to belong to history, and makes no attempt to adjust either himself or his outlook to the new conditions. His is a fine *Nunc dimittis* and his evocation of Europe at its most flamboyant, most aristocratic and international is delightful. In medieval days, all classes were international, from soldier to emperor, from pedlar to priest, from peasant to king. With the Renaissance and the Reformation, and the coming of the nations, internationalism became the prerogative of the upper classes, of the intelligentsia and the courtiers, and the Jews. It narrowed yearly, until just before the war only the cream of the aristocracy and a few super-tax

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payers still remained international: and now, a few tottering royalties are all that are left—the last, pathetic Europeans. Since Nationalism has conquered Europe entirely, and spread even to the farthest parts of Asia and Africa, Prince Blücher's evocation of past glories and of his circle of friends reads like some legendary epitaph on Roncesvalles. His English, for so passionate an Anglophil, is strangely bad, and his family life was no happier than that of the Regent or the Romanovs.

But are we escaping from beneficent despots only to fall into the hands of Dictators who are "tired, ill, debauched and besotted with drink?" *Grey Wolf* seems to me a disgraceful book: supposedly an intimate life of Mustapha Kemal, undocumented, unpleasant and unfair. This is a sample of the style: "When he (Mustapha Kemal) was told that the cloud of dust behind a village was caused by Turkish women stoning to death a Turkish girl who had played harlot for the Greek troops, or that a Greek was being crucified and another torn in pieces, he snarled with savage pleasure." Sneers, shrugs and snarls are the constant accompaniment of almost every statement, and this over-caricatured picture of an all-powerful Marquis de Sade will hardly be accepted even by the most gullible. But there is a depressing similarity about new presbyter and old priest, and to have exchanged Romanovs and Regent for such tyrants as Mr. Armstrong portrays seems to be an exchange of King Log for King Stork.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

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Usually, when a reviewer opens a parcel of this size he says bother, or worse. It means that he has too much to read and too little space to say what he thinks. In his opinion book-parties are not a success, terse comparisons are odious, and so he regards his inch and a half with bilious eye and fills it as often as not with acid. But Christmas parties are different. A book published at this time of the year is also a gift book. It may be a work of art demanding the extended courtesies of its rank. But there it is on the display shelf, competing for the suffrages of Aunt Geraldine's eye as she wanders feverishly round the book shop, and submitting to be weighed against a dozen cambric handkerchiefs, a cocktail shaker, or a pullover. So for this occasion, at least, let us be sociable: the more the merrier.

My visitors are a jolly but not a dressy lot. They make a confused, cheerful babble in my mind, with larks and laughter, a thread of carolling, and a rumour of deep argument. Plenty of children have come, a few wise men, a poet or two, a magician, an old salt, a crew of pirates, and a cook; and at their heels several sorts of dog, a fox, ponies and horses, a monkey and a parrot, and some terrifying crabs. The Literary Editor has no doubt taken steps against gate-crashers, but things have been lively enough.

Peter Duck is the life and soul of the party. Mr. Ransome's children have a wonderful adventure, but that is nothing, because innumerable people engaged in the mass production of "literature" for the young are constantly imposing incredible adventures on incredible children. What matters it that the captains and mates who sailed away in the *Wild Cat* to the Carribees and were chased by Black Jake in his piratical *Viper* are ordinary, everyday, real children, yours and mine. Mr. Ransome does not give them surnames, or say who their parents are or where they live; he does not even trouble to describe them. But I have lived with them as they worked the schooner under Captain Flint and Peter Duck from Lowestoft to Crab Island and back. It all seemed natural enough, one thing just led to another as it does when one lives it. It was only by harking back to literature when the fun was over that I began to realise the rarity of Mr. Ransome's achievement. There is, on the other hand, nothing dateless and universal about Mr. Buchan's Bill, who bought his magic walking stick for one farthing from a little old man under a hornbeam, and found that by just twiddling it he could go anywhere in no time. This was easy for Bill, who twiddled his ubiquitous spoke into a number of wheels before ending up with a very royal ruritanian adventure. It was probably easy for a story-teller of Mr. Buchan's resource. But whereas Peter Duck should be good for many a Christmas, Bill will perhaps have only one.

There are a lot of animals at this party, and rightly so. The English are so fond of animals—even those they kill—that they delight not merely in making them the heroes of books but actually of getting inside their skins and providing them with language and philosophy. Miss Pitt, as becomes a M.F.H., keeps at a mannerly distance from her Highland fox and her foxhound puppy. There are sober landscapes from Perth to Leicester in this book, and quiet descriptions of that unpretentious squirearchal society whose last economy will be to disperse the pack. When her fox Scotty is hunting or running from hounds or mating one accepts what Miss Pitt says about him the more willingly because she does not make him talk. But in *Older Mousie*, a tale of an Exmoor pony, we are at the first person. This is a pleasant, sentimental tale, full of true observation, and if one finds the man-horse link overpowering, one can always rest on Mr. Edwards' drawings. He at least can record only what he sees. As for *Gentlemen Prefer Dogs*—well, yes, but perhaps not when facetious human characteristics are clapped on them as firmly as Miss Wallace does. You will chuckle at her terrier Remus if you don't feel an intolerable sense of trespass; if you do, you won't.

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Mr. Gerald Bullett has collected a team to write simply and shortly on long and complicated matters, and four of them are here. Mr. Kendon wrote a book of childhood memories called *The Small Years*, and is by more direct evidence a poet. The same sunny light of exquisite and tender understanding which made *The Small Years* memorable falls on the pages of his *Adventure of Poetry*. It is sad that getting poetry by heart and reading pompous comments on what it never meant are still for many a bane of childhood. Mr. Kendon has poetry in truth by heart and wonderfully shares its glory. If I see a child making heavy weather with his "English" I shall slip *The Adventure of Poetry* into his hand. But I am not so sure about *English Prose*. Whereas Mr. Kendon is effortlessly simple and clear, Mr. Brophy, faced with a grimmer and perhaps an impossible task, has trouble with professional leanings. Some shades of the class-room cling about this book, which is rather difficult for a child and a shade too categorical for elders. Mrs. Williams-Ellis is a proved hand at writing of this kind. *How You are Made* gives boys and girls a cool and steady look at their bodies just when how to manage them is becoming a problem. Adolescent children get hold of physiological diagrams anyhow. Mrs. Williams-Ellis says "Look, this is how it works," and she does it very well. Mr. Radclyffe stamps intensely about with a boiling question, and pours out a hot, angry, untidy answer, but he earns his mince pie because his question is, "Why can't we be happier?" and because his answer, queer and violent as it is, has elements of sense. I mean to have this out with him afterwards.

Dum-Dum's jokes, in prose and verse, are more hardly-bodied than one expects of a *Punch* writer. He can turn a nonsense jingle with the neatest of them—witness his gorgeous address to the rooster who "gets across the *-doodle* but is diddled by the *-do*" —but he usually waits for the genuine impulse, and when he is angry or irritated, which is often, he lays about him to some purpose. It must be fun to deal properly with an announcement that "the chemical constituents of a man's body, at present prices, could be bought for five shillings." Dum-Dum responds with an ode, in which, after working grimly through the catalogue, he ends:

> And yet, what finally puts on the lid
> Is that five bob. They might have said a quid.

And lastly, the cook, the male and literary cook. I am sorry he is not altogether at home. I got as far as "moussaka" and "aubergine," and not knowing the meaning of those delicacies I gave it up and conducted the gentleman to the kitchen where he assures me he prefers to be. I should be able to write that review next Christmas. BARRINGTON GATES.

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Restless Star: The Young Wagner. By HANS REISIGER. Translated by Maida C. Darnton. Appleton. 15s.

Wagner. By GUY DE PORTALES. Cape. 15s.

Sacred and Profane Memories. By CARL VAN VECHTEN. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

Carlyle. By LOUIS CAZAMIAN. Translated by E. K. Brown. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

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Post, or *propter?* When it comes to biography there seems no escaping Strachey, miniaturist though he was. The reviewer, out of spite or reverence, must mention Strachey before going on to attack the fictional school of biographers who get their license from Strachey and whose novelese grows more efficient and worse every year. *Restless Star* is as unreal and emotional as any novel, as full of clichés which give it a sort of limelight imbecility. Wagner, of course, is the perfect hero for uncritical adulation, and Mr. Reisiger explodes for pages, striking coloured matches in the trail of his "restless star." Wagner and Mr. Reisiger and the reader of this book become one in the excitement of the chase. We are happily fused into a grand emotionalism shared by all. Even the smallest incident glows.

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noticing what one is doing, and one enjoys oneself very much—Mr. Jingle also joining the party at exciting points:

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So, in a last chapter called "The torch, ha! let it burn bright . . .," Wagner interpreted by Mr. Reisiger makes his escape from the dangers of revolution by catching a boat on Lake Constance bound for the Swiss shore. Perhaps the most ignominious step in Wagner's life: but that does not worry Mr. Reisiger, to whom anything Wagnerian is a sign for emotional exhibitionism.

Mr. Guy de Portales' *Wagner*, though also the work of an admirer, avoids the Venusberg mood, and is an intelligent, straightforward, if perhaps at this day superfluous, Life of Wagner. Its clichés belong to an older school, a pre-Strachey school, which believed in dates but contrived to give even dates a halo. "It was in Leipzig, the day after the battle of Bautzen, that little Richard Wagner first saw the light of day. It was looked on as an event of very minor importance indeed. It had no great interest even for the tenants of the second floor . . ."; and on the opposite page we see a photograph of the house where little Richard Wagner first saw the light of day.

Mr. Carl Van Vechten in his *Sacred and Profane Memories* provides the expert with an array of clichés worth copying out. Page seventy-six contains a gem, a real Woolworth pearl: "Sometimes I walk quite silently up the Avenue Gabriel with its melancholy row of trees while I dream that I am a Grand Duke. In the evening I may dine at the . . . After dinner it is pleasant and even amusing to sit on the terrasse of . . ." Mr. Van Vechten seems to have been the perfect American in Paris, and in these vignettes (would it be?) he memorialises an elegant stock figure, with its faded gossip, Parisian diary, and stories about George Moore, which will be the envy of all true Americans graduating for heaven, and of admiring European lookers-on.

The reader who tackles biography, and even more autobiography, on a big scale needs a Flaubertian relish for the writer's genre. Books like *Restless Star* are apparently written to irritate him by an excess of self-parody. Mr. Van Vechten satisfies with a more finished silliness.

After a bad beginning the contrast of the next four books is astonishing. Mr. Cazamian's *Carlyle* was written in 1913, and reaches us now in an American translation, but it is worth having. He takes Carlyle's part against Jane Welsh, but not unfairly (he is on the side of genius), and succeeds in giving a clear outline of Carlyle and his thought which seems near the truth. Carlyle's energy and doctrine move him to admiration, perhaps, rather than affection, and he writes persuasively and with critical detachment: "Rich, but not inexhaustible, his doctrine is not of the future but of the past, to which he passionately connects the present and subjugates the future. One may go so far as to say, that in raising to consciousness a tradition whose virtue lay in its very unconsciousness he imperilled its survival. He galvanised Puritan England, but in doing so he brought out its weakness as much as its strength." More a study of Carlyle's mind and its surroundings than a Life, this book deserves to be read as a serious contribution to an unpopular subject.

The three new volumes in Mr. Peter Davies's series are models of their kind. That kind, which owes something to Strachey, is a mixture of character sketch, introduction and summing-up; and it is singularly adaptable, since these books will appeal almost as much to scholars as to the general public. Compression, and an appearance of avoiding it, compel a style which is at once easy and will carry weight. The bibliographies at the end of these books invariably surprise by their bulk. Mr. G. M. Young, Mr. James Laver and Mr. Stephen Leacock have each a style admirably adapted to his subject; almost any sentence, picked out at random, is illuminating. For Gibbon "a race meeting was just tolerable because it reminded him of the Olympic games; an election furnished instruction in English manners"; and we see as much of the essential Gibbon when he is reading the *Iliad* during the manoeuvres of the militia as in Mr. Young's analysis of his style and thought. As a man, Gibbon was perhaps something of a mixture between Johnson

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"One star differeth from another star in glory"—and our only complaint against Mr. Titterton's book is that he recognises that truth insufficiently. There are stars here, on whom he discourses eloquently, whose exact light-giving powers he appraises nicely; there are others who could only be reckoned as tinsel lights in an artificial firmament. Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Masefield, John, Gandhi, Epstein; the quality of their light, its effect in candle-power, might be disputed, but there they are, fixed (or shooting), but anyway brilliant. But Hannen Swaffer? Not even Fleet Street loyalty can excuse the intrusion of that squib; Mr. Titterton might much more justly have written an astronomical note on his own career, the eccentric splendour of which is only revealed intermittently and incidentally.

His book consists of essays, into some of which he has inserted pointed interviews with his constellations. He is best when he is writing about men he knows well, such as G. K. Chesterton and H. M. Tomlinson, or men whom he knows scarcely at all, such as John Burns. The essay on Burns, which is by way of an apology to one whom, as a faithless Socialist, he has bitterly attacked, is an excellent and interpretative piece of work. When he interviews, he interviews graciously; and if his characters choose to talk nonsense (as some of them do) Mr. Titterton puts it down with a benign fairness that is admirable, and should lead to a conversion. Some of his people talked rare sense to him; and there are few greater compliments an interviewer can receive than that. Perhaps the best of his interviews is that with H. M. Tomlinson, who spoke on the evils of power: "Power," says Tomlinson, "brutal and conscienceless. Power, the last and meanest of the tyrannies." Tomlinson spoke of the heroism of the soldiers in the war, of their fear, of their superb bravery:

> And the screaming horror of it is that all that quenchless valour was buried in stinking mud and blood because the modern world—and Germany was the worst at the moment, I won't say by how much—is obsessed with the lust for machinery and money and, as the aim and end of machinery and money—Power.

There are many good stories in the book, and plenty of personality. Only rarely is Mr. Titterton embarrassing, but even then he is saved by his sincerity, his candid liking for the most unlikely of his subjects, and by the disarming modesty of his approach to them and his presentation of his stars to the reader.

THE JACKANAPES GENIUS

James Boswell. By C. E. VULLIAMY. Bles. 10s. 6d.

Biography deals but seldom with biographers. James Boswell however, was so queer a fish, so bizarrely striated, so distinct from the greater creatures amongst whom he darted and goggled, that nets were sure to be laid for him. And Mr. Vulliamy, in this vivacious and scholarly book, has made a dexterous portrait of that plump, restless, eager little Scotsman, whom David Hume found "very agreeable, and very mad," in whom Walpole saw a "sot," a "jackanapes," a "zany," who struck Fanny Burney by his "great good humour," who seemed to Samuel Johnson to be "the best travelling companion in the world," and whose elusive personality was big-fistedly fixed for the best part of a century by Macaulay's rhetoric:

> Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a tale-bearer and eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London. . . a dunce, a parasite, a coxcomb. . . .

It is clearly a complex patterning of character that Boswell's biographer must trace and convey. But if any man left ample materials for his own monument that man was Boswell. One hundred and thirty years after his death he is even easier to know than when alive. Throughout the *Tour to Corsica* and the *Tour to the Hebrides*, through most of the *Life of Johnson*, he set himself well in the foreground; in the less familiar *Hypochondriack* he stands in thin disguise; the long series of letters to Temple amplify the personal details; and the immense journals and miscellaneous papers in course of publication by Col. R. H. Isham give us almost a satiety of Boswellism.

And the point of satiety here can fairly easily be reached. Boswell is a teasing puzzle of personality for visitors to the eighteenth century—very little more. Macaulay was just enough when he roundly declared that no single remark of Boswell's on literature, politics, religion, or society was anything but commonplace or absurd. In the Fleet Street of our own day he would have been a thoroughly serviceable creature; his gusto for the great or nearly great, his retentive memory, his knack of reproducing talk, his bland imperviousness to the ridicule, overt or covert, which his manner often excited, would have given him chances to excel as a special interviewer or social chronicler. His weaknesses were his strength. For if he had been a man of independent and steadfast opinions he could never have been so usefully parasitic. If he had not been so absurd and unashamed a coxcomb he would have lost much of the cheerful charm that made him acceptable even when he exasperated. If he had not buoyed himself up by his friendships with his seniors and superiors, and also by his personal vanity, he would have drowned sooner and more dismally than he did in his rather squalid dissipations. In fact, looking at him coolly, James Boswell, by all the rules, ought to be a thankless object of study. But——

That "but——" will always be the core of the problem for the Boswellian. One may scarify the man for his morals, his vapidity, his manners (and Boswell himself was continually using a private scourge on his own back and telling us exactly why), but—one goes on liking him, and enjoying the whole tragicomical idea of him. And it is hard to resist the desire to protect him, to justify him, to shield him against the "unco guid," to whom he is so very easy a target. Mr. Vulliamy has obviously felt this. He gives us the impression in his opening chapters that he is determined to wipe out the contemptible figure perpetuated by Macaulay, to justify Boswell's place among his contemporaries. And he does a great deal. But he seems to have found it increasingly difficult the closer he came to his sitter; and in his final summing-up he is led only to the defence that Boswell was not *compos mentis* and not morally responsible. "The story of this unfortunate man," he says in conclusion:

> is the story of one who was doomed by a nameless, incurable and persistent malady of the mind. If there is a moral here, it is a purely eugenic moral in favour of exogamous marriages.

Mr. Vulliamy, let it be clear, is not one of those biographers who work in terms of neuroses or glands. But he attaches much importance to these bouts of acute mental distress—remorse, dark fears, spiritual agony—to which Boswell, on his own showing, was subject, and which certainly underlay his equally recurrent bouts of drunkenness and lechery. The *Black Dog*, as Boswell termed it, was never far from his heels. His hypochondria was deeply ingrained in his being. His inner history is that of a gradual mental dissolution, of which he gradually became fearfully aware. Tragic is too lofty a word to apply to it, for even with a healthy mind and soul Boswell would not have had in him the greatness that makes for tragedy; but the story is certainly piteous, and in a way moving.

But from a less analytic angle it is highly diverting, and Mr. Vulliamy has made the most of it. He is sometimes unduly hard on Boswell; he trounces the poor man's convivial verses and witticisms with too Johnsonian a thong, and when he criticises his exaggerated enthusiasms, his "almost womanly surrender to the impressions of the moment," he does not make sufficient allowance for the fashionable "sensibility" of the age. There is quite a lot of the Man of Feeling in Boswell. But, on the whole, he is very fair; and as the first full-length study of the subject since the Malahide Papers became available (although Mr. Vulliamy has apparently not been able to quote directly from these well-guarded documents), his biography will not only be highly interesting to converted Boswellians, but will probably bring many more to their number.

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See also *British Medical Journal,* April 30th,
The Daily Telegraph, February 19th.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

DR. EMIL LUDWIG has, as usual, written a new book. It is called *Talks with Mussolini*. It is published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. It costs 7s. 6d. net. Dr. Ludwig, of recent years, has aroused the distaste of educated readers. He has been assailed, and perhaps with some unfairness, by many intelligent critics in Germany, France and Great Britain. He has been abused upon this very page. I think there was some unfairness in that abuse, and to that extent I render apology. The animosity of his own compatriots may to some extent be due to political or even racial feeling. Besides, no German ever really likes another German. Yet why this persistent attack upon upon him in England and France? Dr. Ludwig has certainly not merited either the adulation or the dispraise with which he has been encumbered. He is a very clever, quite intelligent, perfectly industrious, and only sub-consciously insincere writer. It is a pertinent question whether the resentment aroused by Dr. Ludwig's writings among many intelligent people is a justifiable resentment. It is that question which, in my present article, and with particular reference to his latest essay, I wish to raise.

* * *

What, in fact, is the cause of that indignation which Dr. Ludwig inspires among those who have any previous knowledge of the subjects which he treats? No such fury is inspired by the works of Mr. Guedalla or by those of M. André Maurois. There must be something particularly provocative about the style, intentions or personality of Dr. Ludwig which arouses this discriminatory hostility. What is that something? It is not, in the first place, his success. Success, as we know, is beastly, anyway, but we have got used to its being foolishly apportioned. Nor is it only his ignorance. Dr. Ludwig, if we come to consider the matter, is not an ignorant man. On the contrary, he has read many books, known many people, visited many countries, absorbed a great many extraneous ideas. Nor is it correct to condemn him as "a fraudulent writer." Dr. Ludwig practises no deceit. He has in all truth and sincerity studied the standard works on those subjects which he treats, and has quite obviously expended much time and labour on indexing and annotation. His book on Napoleon must have entailed an immense amount of very scholarly reading. His book about Christ was not only extremely remunerative but also quite interesting. His book on Bismarck was not only misleading, but misleading in a perfectly legitimate sort of way. His book on William II. was not only vulgar and inhumane, it was also informative. His book on Lincoln was not aimed solely at the American purchaser, but constituted a very lucid record of important events. His book on Schliemann is not perhaps a work into which he threw his whole creative genius and, as such, may be an unfair exhibit. His play about the Peace Conference was, after all, an essay in dramatisation and never claimed to be a statement of true facts. In my present mood of charity, I am prepared even to find something nice to say about his *July 1914*. I am prepared: but I cannot find it. That book, in its meticulous exactitude, in its fervent misrepresentation of facts, was the book which turned me against Dr. Ludwig and which caused him to appear in my mind as a writer who was neither scholarly nor fair. I may have exaggerated the resentment produced in me by that vicious little opuscle. Yet, I feel, somehow, that it was not right for a man to employ the origins of the world-war as a vehicle through which to satisfy a personal dislike of Count Berchtold. I admit, however, that *July 1914*, like Carlyle's *French Revolution*, is interesting as a vivid compilation of causes from which important events did *not* result. Nor should I say that his present book on Mussolini is a bad book, a silly book, or an unscrupulous book. It is merely a Ludwig book, and, as such, it possesses certain virtues and certain marked defects.

* * *

It is not the fault of Dr. Ludwig that Mussolini should be so feeble a conversationalist. It was, for instance, quite bright and apposite of Dr. Ludwig to inquire of the Duce whether "poetic fire" was not a notable ingredient in the personality of men of action. It is not exactly the sort of question which I should have put myself, yet I admit that towards the end of his interviews Dr. Ludwig may have run a little short of questions. As a question, it may pass. Yet consider the copy-book futility of Mussolini's answer. "First, last and all the time," said Mussolini (I may remark incidentally that the Duce in the pages of Dr. Ludwig assumes a wild western tone of speech), "a statesman needs imagination. Without it he will be arid, and will in the long run effect nothing. Nor does he stand alone in this need. Without imaginative feelings, without poesy as part of his make-up, no one can achieve anything." There are far too many of these ghastly United States platitudes in Dr. Ludwig's book. From time to time, with great strenuousness, they are arrayed in drama and presented with the elaboration of epigrams. Yet throughout the interviews Mussolini never seems to have said anything of the very slightest interest. I suspect that being a man of some acumen he was bored stiff with Dr. Ludwig. "At such times," records the ingenuous interviewer, "he manifests the restful seriousness of the man of creative temperament." Mussolini, in other words, buried his face in his stocky little hands in order to stifle a yawn. Yet Dr. Ludwig is not for one moment aware that he might have been trespassing on Mussolini's time. Throughout this record of conversations we are conscious of the impression in Dr. Ludwig's mind that a marked compliment was being paid to the Capo di Stato. Dr. Emil Ludwig had consented, for many days in succession, to come down to the Palazzo Venezia and to accord an hour's interview to Benito Mussolini. And only rarely were the photographers admitted.

* * *

It is unfair to regard Dr. Emil Ludwig solely as a journalist. He is more than that. He is a journalist attached to some pictorial magazine. He takes excellent pictures. The portraits of Mussolini in the Pontine marshes, or scribbling little sketches on his blotting pad, or bursting into sudden oratory from the balcony, are as sharp as they could be. Nor is it without importance to obtain in this manner the opinions of the Duce on such subjects as imperialism, destiny, graphology, the herd-instinct, the future of Europe, the inheritance of Rome, M. Briand, the loneliness of genius, and the desire for fame. I would go farther. I should deny the criticism that this book represents the confrontation of one charlatan with another. I do not think that Mussolini is a charlatan. I do not think either that Dr. Ludwig is a charlatan. Being an individualist by temperament, I dislike the Duce from the depths of my being. Yet clearly he and Lenin are the two greatest men whom the twentieth century has yet produced. My only criticism of this book is that it has been written by Dr. Ludwig. And why should that be a criticism? The answer is, I think, as follows. Dr. Ludwig possesses much cleverness, a sense of the picturesque, adequate industry, and an easy narrative style. Yet his work is ruined by the dim blue shadow cast by the moon of his own self-importance. Dr. Ludwig is, as biographer, historian, psychologist and philosopher, invariably shallow; and withal continuously pontifical. It is for this reason that he merits our disapproval and dislike.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

THE VAGABONDS' SONGS

The Wandering Scholars. By HELEN WADDELL. New and Revised Edition. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Miss Waddell has produced a type of translation of the Latin lyrics of the mediaeval "wandering scholars" which is not only moving, but rousing. And there is a very vivid and very indescribable quality in these mediaeval songs as also in many mediaeval hymns, which can only be suggested by that word. There grew up in the Middle Ages, or even in the Dark Ages, a nameless something, which even the unlearned like myself have always felt, and which we could never fit with a name. Whatever it was, I think it was something that went along with the mediaeval and modern use of Rhyme. It was not, of course, a rival to the classic greatness of the Latin of antiquity; but it was certainly not a mere barbarous degeneration from it. We can skirt round the mystery by calling it romantic or popular or many other things; but whatever it was, it was rousing. All reasonable Pagans would admit that there is much grandeur in the *Dies irae;* all reasonable Christians would probably agree that there is even more grandeur in Lucretius. But Lucretius is not, in that sense, rousing. Is it that the mediaeval mystical poem is more poignant; or merely more popular; or more corporate and communal; or is it simply that it is more of a thing to be sung? And has it anything to do with whatever spiritual or social phase was symbolised by Rhyme? Men have made many satirical antitheses about Rhyme and Reason or Rome and Reason; but I suspect there is a great historical work to be written about Rome and Rhyme. Anyhow, it seems significant that the great Pagan poetry of the past was practically rhymeless; and that modern poetry, as it grows more Pagan, again abandons rhyme.

It is the fact that Miss Waddell's wandering scholars really sound like wandering singers that seems to strike the unique note of the song. Everybody knows that in the actual languages of the old classical world writing poetry was almost always described as singing. And yet, if the ignorant may say so, it is not certain that we feel those writers very specially as singers. Virgil may strike the lyre and tell us in the noblest tones of human speech that he sings of arms and the heroic man; and every heir of that culture in every age has said the words over and over to himself; but has he sung them? Would it be flippant to ask if the purest Humanist actually sings the Fourth Book of the Aeneid in his bath? Horace claimed that he sang new songs; and since then they have been increasingly and rightly treasured as very old essays; notes made by an immortal companion as companionable as Montaigne. But, after all, if they were suddenly sung in a music-hall, they would be very new songs indeed. It seems to me that, with the coming of these ragged and even fantastic mediaeval singers, something has happened to singing; and it has really become song. It has changed from something that was rather like a metaphor to something that is really direct like a melody. And it does depend largely on the obvious and jolly resonance of rhyme. Of course, the queer learned vagabonds with whom the book deals, at once clericals and anti-clericals, were very exceptional kinds of people. We may call this spirit in them popular, yet they were often savagely proud and scornful and as arrogant as Bertrand de Born; we may say that it rose with the special culture of Christendom, yet they were sometimes ready to blast and blaspheme all sorts of Christian authorities, good and bad; we may call it romantic as distinct from classic, but very often it was baldly and bitterly satiric. Yet through all that world of rhymed Latin there does run this indescribable thing. And all one can do with an indescribable thing is not to describe it; but to do it.

Miss Waddell has certainly done it. She has produced lyrics in modern English which have this hearty quality of the lyrics in mediaeval Latin. Admirable as is her own analysis of many of the elements in the historical background of the vagabond scholars, in the long essay that forms the bulk of the book, and fascinating as are a multitude of facts and details that are mentioned in the course of it, provocative even of debate as are some suggestions here and there, it may well be said that the outstanding feat, or fine achievement, of the volume is the translation of the Latin songs. Translation is never adequate; but when it is good, it is astonishing. All real poems are made up of magic words; and without those special words the spell is broken. But it is at least possible to write something well in one language that shall be parallel to something in another; and when anything like that happens, the educational effect is enormous. There is doubt and debate among scholars about Professor Gilbert Murray's translations; but since they were written, the modern public does definitely know that the Greek tragedians wrote poetry. Before that it seemed almost as much hidden from English scholars as from English schoolboys. With this book on *The Wandering Scholars* something of the same sort has happened; and people may realise that there was for centuries a whole culture of Christendom in which Latin was not a dead language but a very living language indeed; and one that came natural, not merely to an author who wished to write an epic in a library, but to a vagabond who wished to sing a song in a lane.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

SHAW AFTER SHAW

The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God. By BERNARD SHAW. Constable. 2s. 6d.

Bernard Shaw. By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. Appleton. 30s.

Bernard Shaw has critically examined most things, and people, except Bernard Shaw. It is a pity. If only that genius for destructive laughter had been, even in privacy and silence, turned against himself in self-examination we might have been spared Mr. Henderson's ponderous piece of annalistic hagiology, and Mr. Shaw's parable of the Black Girl would have had a very different ending. Of all peoples the Irish are the most tenacious of religious prejudice, especially when they have abandoned the principles which gave those prejudices some meaning. Bernard Shaw comes of a Protestant stock, and so when his converted Negress goes out in her search for God, she looks for him and finds him in the guise of the God of the Bible as it was taught in Protestant Sunday Schools when Bernard Shaw was a small boy in Dublin. The doctrine that young Shaw learnt was not quite what his teacher intended; and it has been modified since by what the grown Shaw has learnt of Biblical criticism, towards which he rarely displays the healthy scepticism he shows towards Darwinism, medicine, modern physics and the other idols of our age. He sees, and the Black Girl interviews, a series of different gods, in whose behaviour and language can be found what Bernard Shaw thinks of the evolution of Semitic monotheism. There is wit and beauty in much of the parable, which balances, in the polyptych of Shaw's work, the dramatic tract, *The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet.* In that play Shaw showed us God in pursuit of the human soul, tracking it down, giving it nothing but discomfort and unease until his power and presence were acknowledged. In *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God* we have the opposite picture. The soul is looking for a God that will satisfy the needs that have been aroused by the missionary's teaching. The Black Girl will know "Where is God?" "He has said, Seek and ye shall find me," said the missionary. "Where" is, of course, a parable word; what the Black Girl needs to know is what and who God is. The different Gods of the Old Testament—for Mr. Shaw finds the theology of Micah and Job repugnant to the theology of the Pentateuch (he and his pupil miss the Psalms, which is unfortunate, and also ignore the very advanced doctrine of Jonah) are met and found unsatisfactory. Bernard Shaw's Jesus is the usual nineteenth century humanitarian image; Shaw still clings to the amusingly old-fashioned notion that Renan's *Vie de Jésus* is the most canonical of the Gospels. The Black Girl finds this Jesus friendly and well-meaning, but without the authority for which she is looking, and so goes on to have an interview with Mohammed. In the course of her wanderings she has met different representatives of old and new science; but Bernard Shaw is as gay with the test-tubes as with the texts, and his Black Girl can find no great help in physics, or in psychology, or in the higher mathematics. So the parable might have ended, with Bernard Shaw and his Black Girl still searching. Alas! the little devil in Bernard Shaw would not permit this right conclusion; and too many years ago he killed the poet in him which would have made it possible to end his parable with an impulsive revelation. So the Black Girl wanders on; and she meets, in his garden, that well-known satiric theist, Monsieur de Voltaire, who strangely enough is now employing on his estate a red-bearded Irishman. Not altogether willingly the Irishman marries the black girl.

> And the Black Girl managed the Irishman and the children (who were charmingly coffee-coloured) very capably, and even came to be quite fond of them. Between them and the garden and mending her husband's clothes (which she could not persuade him to leave off wearing) she was kept so busy that her search for God was crowded out of her head most of the time; but there were moments,

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> especially when she was drying her favourite piccaninny, who was very docile and quiet, after his bath, in which her mind went back to her search; only now she saw how funny it was that an unsettled girl should start off to pay God a visit, thinking herself the centre of the universe, and taught by the missionary to regard God as somebody who had nothing better to do than to watch everything she did and to worry himself about her salvation. She even tickled the piccaninny and asked him, "Suppose I had found God at home, what should I have done when he hinted that I was staying too long and that he had other things to attend to?" It was a question which the piccaninny was quite unable to answer: he only chuckled hysterically and tried to grab her wrists.

And that is the fate of the Negress who went out looking for God, fell by the way, and found Voltaire and Bernard Shaw. The author of her adventures allows her still to wonder a little about the Deity, but he does not seem to realise altogether how farcical an anti-climax he has provided. The tale is written in Bernard Shaw's clear, definite prose—the best plain prose since Defoe's—but I cannot believe that the writing of this little fable has extended Bernard Shaw at all. He should have set himself a harder task than this: his Black Girl might have ended her quest, after the same series of misapprehensions and disappointments, by meeting—not Shakespeare, but Blake or Keats. As it is, the parable is one more example of extravagant wish-fulfilment—Shaw, in the search for God, meets Bernard Shaw: and the prophets can here find yet another testimony to humanity's craving for idolatry.

Some years ago, however—in 1907—Bernard Shaw, in a moment of careless meditation, had ceased from his search and met Professor Henderson. That indefatigable gentleman is neither God nor Bernard Shaw; he is, rather, one of the filing-clerks in the office of the recording Angel. By some accident—no Civil Service is quite what it was—he has been allowed to slip out of the precincts with a great many documents, the nature and value of which he very imperfectly understands. He must, indeed, when he first arrived from his stool in the basement of the supernal archives, have met one of those journalists who cannot help spelling SHAW as NEWS; and the result is one of the worst big books that have been compiled round a man of genius. This quotation is not an unfair example of Professor Henderson's manner.

> Shaw has his own distinctive style—wearing his clothes with lithe and natural ease, free from any mannered artificiality. His clothes are elegant, expensive, unobtrusive—thus fulfilling the indispensable first requirement of a well-dressed man. The cloths are soft materials, in dull tones—greys, browns, blues, mild mixtures or inconspicuous patterns; and his ties, of the conventional four-in-hand type, are usually in solid and low-toned colours. For underwear, he uses a single piece garment especially made for him, for which there is no name superior to "Shavian ensemble."

A gentleman who can write like this obviously will have nothing illuminating to say about Shaw the dramatist, critic, novelist and publicist. Yet this passage does at least tell us some positive facts about Shaw (I miss any reference to studs, links, collars, socks—silk or wool—boots and gloves), while my other quotation has a pointlessness that is sublime in its irrelevance. I have ventured to italicise some phrases. Shaw had been refused complimentary tickets for Covent Garden Theatre.

> Through the kind offices of his fellow-countryman, the late Jimmy Glover, the ban was removed and Shaw was introduced to the impresario. "What do you think of the orchestra?" asked Harris. "Well," *replied Shaw in a careless tone*, "they certainly play better than when I heard them last on the boat going to Hampton Court." Needless to add, this anecdote was invented by Glover. *Otherwise Harris himself would probably have invented it. It is exactly the sort of witticism that Shaw does not practise.*

Alas! Professor Henderson falls for "exactly this sort of witticism." Yet his book is an undoubted and cumbrous necessity to all students of Shaw. For Bernard Shaw knows Professor Henderson's passionate addiction to collecting, and he has given him, in letters, in conversation, in excerpts from his or his friends' scrap-books, more information about G.B.S. than ever has fallen to the lot of man before. It is disconcerting and disarming, in page after page of the author's undigested, un-rising prose to meet long passages of genuine Bernard Shaw, light, clear, and splendidly entertaining. One of the best things is a list, made for Professor Henderson's "amusement," of "leading tragedies."

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> Richard Wagner's *Niblung's Ring*.
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> Masefield's Tragedies. } to illustrate the re-birth of tragedy
> *The Doctor's Dilemma*. } in England after three centuries.
> Finally, The Greek Tragedies.

I hope Professor Henderson was amused. I am afraid he was only seriously impressed, and sees nothing odd in such a list with its complete exclusion of Racine, and its even stranger neglect of those tragedies of the people written by Tolstoy and Hauptmann. But there, if Mr. Shaw's Christmas parable shows that when Bernard Shaw goes in search for God, he finds Bernard Shaw; Professor Henderson's encyclopaedia shows that when he goes after Bernard Shaw, he discovers not, as his title-page has it, "playboy and prophet," but infallible God.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

M. BARBUSSE'S *ZOLA*

Zola. By HENRI BARBUSSE. Translated by MARY B. GREEN and F. C. GREEN. Dent. 10s. 6d.

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It was a death that he himself might have imagined. Alas, to the portrait his eulogist paints there is another and less austerely attractive side. What of the preposterous house at Médan? Zola, like the true Frenchman that he was, had made haste to buy a suburban property, with a villa to which he added towers and wings, billiard-rooms and all the flummery of bourgeois wealth—inside, it was filled with prints and massive furniture—till it had assumed the proportions of "a sort of castle," guarded without by a red-brick wall of mediæval thickness.

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He was the Bennett—though infinitely greater—of his day. He, too, adored the contemporary scene, the richness and diversity of its existence, its thrilling and sinister bustle behind the stage. Modern Paris, he was fond of repeating, was an immense dung-heap, and gilded carrion-flies, like Nana and her friends, rose buzzing from its accumulated filth, to sweep through giddy circles in the upper air. But then Nana is a decidedly romantic character, and the huge shop, described in *Au Bonheur*

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JONATHAN CAPE
THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

> especially when she was drying her favourite piccaninny, who was very docile and quiet, after his bath, in which her mind went back to her search; only now she saw how funny it was that an unsettled girl should start off to pay God a visit, thinking herself the centre of the universe, and taught by the missionary to regard God as somebody who had nothing better to do than to watch everything she did and to worry himself about her salvation. She even tickled the piccaninny and asked him, "Suppose I had found God at home, what should I have done when he hinted that I was staying too long and that he had other things to attend to?" It was a question which the piccaninny was quite unable to answer: he only chuckled hysterically and tried to grab her wrists.

And that is the fate of the Negress who went out looking for God, fell by the way, and found Voltaire and Bernard Shaw. The author of her adventures allows her still to wonder a little about the Deity, but he does not seem to realise altogether how farcical an anti-climax he has provided. The tale is written in Bernard Shaw's clear, definite prose—the best plain prose since Defoe's—but I cannot believe that the writing of this little fable has extended Bernard Shaw at all. He should have set himself a harder task than this: his Black Girl might have ended her quest, after the same series of misapprehensions and disappointments, by meeting—not Shakespeare, but Blake or Keats. As it is, the parable is one more example of extravagant wish-fulfilment—Shaw, in the search for God, meets Bernard Shaw: and the prophets can here find yet another testimony to humanity's craving for idolatry.

Some years ago, however—in 1907—Bernard Shaw, in a moment of careless meditation, had ceased from his search and met Professor Henderson. That indefatigable gentleman is neither God nor Bernard Shaw; he is, rather, one of the filing-clerks in the office of the recording Angel. By some accident—no Civil Service is quite what it was—he has been allowed to slip out of the precincts with a great many documents, the nature and value of which he very imperfectly understands. He must, indeed, when he first arrived from his stool in the basement of the supernal archives, have met one of those journalists who cannot help spelling SHAW as NEWS; and the result is one of the worst big books that have been compiled round a man of genius. This quotation is not an unfair example of Professor Henderson's manner.

> Shaw has his own distinctive style—wearing his clothes with lithe and natural ease, free from any mannered artificiality. His clothes are elegant, expensive, unobtrusive—thus fulfilling the indispensable first requirement of a well-dressed man. The cloths are soft materials, in dull tones—greys, browns, blues, mild mixtures or inconspicuous patterns; and his ties, of the conventional four-in-hand type, are usually in solid and low-toned colours. For underwear, he uses a single piece garment especially made for him, for which there is no name superior to "Shavian ensemble."

A gentleman who can write like this obviously will have nothing illuminating to say about Shaw the dramatist, critic, novelist and publicist. Yet this passage does at least tell us some positive facts about Shaw (I miss any reference to studs, links, collars, socks—silk or wool—boots and gloves), while my other quotation has a pointlessness that is sublime in its irrelevance. I have ventured to italicise some phrases. Shaw had been refused complimentary tickets for Covent Garden Theatre.

> Through the kind offices of his fellow-countryman, the late Jimmy Glover, the ban was removed and Shaw was introduced to the impresario. "What do you think of the orchestra?" asked Harris. "Well," *replied Shaw in a careless tone*, "they certainly play better than when I heard them last on the boat going to Hampton Court." Needless to add, this anecdote was invented by Glover. *Otherwise Harris himself would probably have invented it. It is exactly the sort of witticism that Shaw does not practise.*

Alas! Professor Henderson falls for "exactly this sort of witticism." Yet his book is an undoubted and cumbrous necessity to all students of Shaw. For Bernard Shaw knows Professor Henderson's passionate addiction to collecting, and he has given him, in letters, in conversation, in excerpts from his or his friends' scrap-books, more information about G.B.S. than ever has fallen to the lot of man before. It is disconcerting and disarming, in page after page of the author's undigested, un-rising prose to meet long passages of genuine Bernard Shaw, light, clear, and splendidly entertaining. One of the best things is a list, made for Professor Henderson's "amusement," of "leading tragedies."

> The Mediæval Passion Plays.
> Shakespeare's *Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth* with *Antony and Cleopatra, Measure for Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida*.
> Richard Wagner's *Nibhung's Ring*.
> Ibsen's *Brand, Rosmersholm, Master Builder* and *When We Dead Awaken*.
> Masefield's Tragedies. } to illustrate the re-birth of tragedy
> *The Doctor's Dilemma*. } in England after three centuries.
> Finally, The Greek Tragedies.

I hope Professor Henderson was amused. I am afraid he was only seriously impressed, and sees nothing odd in such a list with its complete exclusion of Racine, and its even stranger neglect of those tragedies of the people written by Tolstoy and Hauptmann. But there, if Mr. Shaw's Christmas parable shows that when Bernard Shaw goes in search for God, he finds Bernard Shaw; Professor Henderson's encyclopaedia shows that when he goes after Bernard Shaw, he discovers not, as his title-page has it, "playboy and prophet," but infallible God.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

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des Dames, which drains the life-blood of the small shopkeepers all around, as lovingly furnished as any palace of the Arabian Nights. Under a thin disguise of moral reprobation we glimpse the beaming features of a born romantic.

Yes, Zola was a romantic turned back to front. Not only was he a romantic when he admired—and how he admired Nana's voluptuous splendour!—but he was a romantic in disgust and disapproval. He carries disgust so far that it is almost tenderness. No novelist who genuinely loathed his subject could have written, as Zola writes in *L'Assomoir*, of the piled-up dirty linen in the laundress's room where Nana's mother sits drinking among her cronies, cheek by jowl with "the ordures of the entire street." There are moments when Zola's narrative method suggests his washerwoman blandly surveying that nauseous pile.

P. Q.

A GREAT DISCOVERER

H. M. Stanley, Explorer. By JAKOB WASSERMANN. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

Those who are old enough to remember the immense excitement aroused by Stanley's discovery of Livingstone—when a card-game called "Ujiji" for a time displaced Snap as an amusement for children—will be delighted to refresh their memories by reading Mr. Wassermann's entrancing volume. But the book is not for the old—merely. It is for the young also. Stanley, as Mr. Wassermann truly says, was an explorer who ought to rank with Columbus. His voyage down the Congo was an achievement far more difficult and dangerous than the expedition that discovered the West Indies; and it opened up a continent. The vastness of Stanley's work will be realised more and more clearly as the future unrolls itself. We must not think of him solely as a man who sought out a missionary here or a Pasha there: he was one of those who have permanently enlarged the bounds of human knowledge and the possibilities of civilisation.

His life is a romance which has lent itself to legend and to falsification; but the truth is more wonderful than the fiction. He never knew his father, and scarcely saw his mother. At six he was sent to the workhouse, and passed through horrors worse than those endured by Oliver Twist. At length he could stand no more: he knocked his tyrant down, and fled. As pupil-teacher, as farm-hand, as haberdasher's assistant, as butcher's boy, he knew the extremes of poverty, misery, and friendlessness. Then to America, where he found an adoptive father, and changed the name of Rowlands for the famous one to which he has added lustre. The Civil War began, and he was driven to take part in it in a fashion all too familiar to ourselves. He was slow to volunteer. One day he received a parcel addressed in a lady's hand. He opened it, and found a chemise and a petticoat. The hint was sufficient; he enlisted, and was captured by the Northerners at the battle of Shiloh. Like many others in that war (as in the war of 1812) he obtained his liberty by agreeing to serve on the side of his captors. But the result of all was that he conceived a deadly hatred of militarism in any form.

Up to this point he had known nothing but wretchedness and hardship. Henceforward he was to know hardship, but with compensations; it was to be at his own choice, and allied with adventurousness, and it was to bring him fame. In 1868 he fell in with Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*. Bennett had an eye for the right man, and allowed him to go to Abyssinia and report on Napier's expedition against Theodore. He was to find his own expenses, but if his reports were successful they would be paid for, and he would be put on the permanent staff. Successful they were; Bennett selected him to lead the expedition which was to discover Livingstone. From that moment his fame was assured.

Mr. Wassermann tells his story with enthusiasm, yet without gasconade, and with practised literary skill. There is but one point on which we should disagree with him. Misled by the common delusion that Gladstone had no sense of humour—his humour, though rigidly controlled, was very delicate and keen—he seems to us to miss the flavour of the famous interview between Stanley and the Prime Minister. Otherwise Mr. Wassermann will probably satisfy the most rigid critic.

The translation, it is needless to say, is in every way excellent.

E. E. KELLETT.

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THE ROMANTIC ENEMY

On Being Creative and Other Essays. By IRVING BABBIT. Constable. 7s. 6d.

The essays in this volume are the substance of three lectures recently delivered at the University of Toronto: Dr. Babbit writes of Aristotle, Rousseau, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Buddha, Schiller, Julien Benda, Mr. Mencken, American idealism, all of them as cases which are to clarify in one way or another his own humanism with its protest against the surrender to the subrational in modern theories of man and of art. The liveliest and perhaps the best of the essays is that on Buddha (Romanticism and the Orient), a retort both to the romanticists and subrationalists who patronise the East, and to the classicists like M. Massis who have spoken of the need of a "defence of the West" against the corrupting Oriental influences of pantheistic reverie which (what with German metaphysics and Russian Marxism!) are now everywhere beyond the Rhine frontier. Dr. Babbit accepts M. Massis' standpoint, but questions his facts: Buddha presented truly is all will and intellect, a most clear-sighted saint—his life, too, serves to illustrate Mr. Babbit's assertion, queried by Mr. Chesterton and Mrs. More, that humanism has a validity of its own "apart from a theological formulation of the ultimate mysteries."

For the rest, harrying Rousseau, finding the odour of him in all the manifestations of modernism, from Hegel and Schiller to the smart Alecs of contemporary New York, is excellent sport. Dr. Babbit's humanism recognises with Cicero two selves, appetite which should obey, reason which should control: Rousseau found that man was "naturally good," and all the modern evil, including the notion of poetry as creative self-expression, was upon us. Yet Dr. Babbit admits certain limitations in the Ancients, as is signified by his proposal to modify (?) the Ciceronian dualism by presuming, aside from theology or even metaphysics, the existence of a higher will in the sense of the Christian doctrine of grace. His admission of this need would, one might think, render him sympathetic to the efforts of a Coleridge and of a Schiller to vindicate the universal in man—for these efforts were designed to protect romanticism from its actual collapse into the utilitarian subjectivity extravagantly instanced in Dr. Babbit's citations from Mr. Mencken and other temperamentalists of the radical party in America. But Coleridge and Schiller were metaphysicians, and if Dr. Babbit is neutral on the subject of theology, he is definitely suspicious of metaphysics. Even so, and acknowledging the polished and judicious tone of these essays, some readers may wish that Dr. Babbit had sought for points of agreement rather than of argument with serious thinkers—even when they came after Rousseau.

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ENJOYING RUSSIA

Low's Russian Sketchbook: 56 Drawings by Low. Text by KINGSLEY MARTIN. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

We all know that we have amongst us to-day a cartoonist in the grand tradition. But, as the recognition, which contributions to evening newspapers receive by word of mouth round the dinner table, cannot reach the modest cartoonist, one welcomes a book like this as an opportunity to tell Low how much we think of him and how much we love him. He has the rare combination of gifts which is necessary for his craft—a shrewd and penetrating intelligence, wit, taste, unruffled urbanity, an indignant but open and understanding heart, a swift power of minute observation with an equally swift power of essential simplification, and, above all, a sense and talent for beauty, which extracts something delightful even out of ugliness. One may seem to be piling it on, but Low really has these things, and it is a great addition to our lives to meet the tongue and eye of a civilised man and true artist when we open the *Evening Standard.*

Last summer Low and Kingsley Martin made a trip to Bolshieland, and this agreeable book is the outcome. Low's pencil and charcoal sketches are reproduced by some process which, whatever it may really be, looks like lithograph and thereby reinforces the comparison between Low and the lithographers of the old *Charivari* of Paris—Gavarni and Daumier and their colleagues. They are *illustrations* in the literal sense of the word—pictures of the inside and of the outside of things at the same time.

Both contributors are at their blandest and most urbane, good guests whose first duty is to be courteous to their hosts. Mr. Kingsley Martin does not pretend to pronounce judgments, but he has given us with admirable lightness and discretion the running commentary of a highly intelligent tourist, who contrives to raise in a number of dialogues some of the main issues with which the Russian experiment confronts the observer. A little too full perhaps of good will. When a doubt rises, it is swallowed down if possible. Mr. Martin is ready to agree "on the whole" that it is a grand ideal to turn peasants into machine-minders. He reflects that "these people at least have a fuller diet than Chinese coolies, and I don't think they are as poor as peasants are in India." If it is pointed out to him that the only people "who really suffer from restrictions on free speech are a few educated intellectuals," he wonders doubtfully if he will find a convincing answer in Rousseau or Bentham or John Stuart Mill. When he is told that "as to fat, they rely on sunflower oil," he remembers that the whole civilisation of Greece was built up on olive oil. This is the right spirit in which to visit Russia, if one wants to enjoy oneself.

J. M. KEYNES.

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of a Communist he came across called Rakhya, people like Chaliapin ought to have their throats cut "because no man should be superior to another: genius destroys equality."

Yet Chaliapin, unlike most self-made men who have no quarrel with the injustices of a society which they have succeeded in overcoming, was never a conservative. He was one of Gorki's closest friends, and he never concealed his sympathy with many of his opinions. He has now quarrelled with him, yet he writes with the greatest admiration of his courageous and compassionate character. And in praising Gorki, he endears himself to us.

The best pages are naturally those devoted to the art of acting. Chaliapin explains the thoroughness with which he studied a role, learning every part in an opera as well as his own, attaining a deeper understanding of the work from "an apparently insignificant phrase sung by a supernumerary"—in fact, the reverse method to that of Sarah Bernhardt who, when she played *Hamlet* is said to have read only her own lines. He also insists on the importance for an actor of not being entirely carried away by the part he is playing. "I sing and listen, I act and take notice. I am never alone on the stage. Two Chaliapins are always there. One of them plays his part, the other watches him play it." This is the solution, neatly stated, of Diderot's *paradoxe du comedien*.

When the book has been put away, not without a certain impatience, what remains in the mind is not so much the good sense it contains about the theatre as a glimpse of Kerenski racing up and down the long corridors of his ministry, laden with documents and followed continually by an official with a bottle of milk; and a phrase about an April morning in the country "when mischievous small boys bore holes in willow branches to suck the sap."

SHORTER NOTICES

Christmas Cards. The British Museum. From 2d. to 1s. 6d.

Presumably those in search of Christmas cards go to the shops that make a speciality of Christmas presents, and to the book-shops, and find there many most entrancing things, especially the reproductions of wood-cuts—such as those done by Messrs. Maynard and Bray at the Raven Press—which are fashionable this year. How many people ascend up to the pigeon-frequented portico in Great Russell Street, and invade the British Museum in search of cards? For there are to be found the best and cheapest coloured cards that can be bought. This year's series include facsimiles from a Maestricht Book of Hours, of 1300; from the Bedford Book of Hours, from miscellaneous prayer-books and calendars, from Chinese and Indian paintings. These are purchasable singly at 2d., and in packets of six for a shilling. Larger and more magnificent, at a shilling each, are reproductions from oriental paintings and mediaeval prayer-books and choir books.

Dawn in Russia. The Record of a Journey. By WALDO FRANK. Scribners. 8s. 6d.

An account of Russia by Mr. Waldo Frank was certain to be both interesting and provocative, and this book does not disappoint our expectations. It does not deal in statistics of the Five Year Plan, in the technicalities of industry and agriculture and social institutions, but it gives us many vivid pictures of men and things, a little distorted sometimes by Mr. Frank's remarkable imaginative powers, sometimes by his exuberant style. The best part of it is concerned with the artists and the intellectuals in their new environment, with the reactions of this environment on their work, with the prospects of the "cultural programme" which he sees as the essence of Communism. Here Mr. Frank tempers his sympathy with criticism—not so much of Marx as of the Marxists. He insists that "the philosophy of dialectical materialism, as it is interpreted to-day by its adherents, must be revised," for it is a false philosophy of life. He demands that we shall defend the Soviet Union with our spirit and even, if need be, with our bodies. But he does not want intellectual submission to Russia or imitation of its ways and dogmas.

Peter Salop Errant. By CLARE CORBETT. Faber. 7s. 6d.

Peter Salop, aged nineteen, son of a virtuous but prolific country rector, leaves home and travels to Tasmania. After a nocturnal adventure in Marseilles he is told the facts of life and the art of boxing by a clergyman whom he nicknames with startling originality "The Sky Pilot." Arrived at Tasmania, he settles down with a sadistic farmer who has hairy legs and a body like an ape's, and who performs unnamed mysteries in the slaughter-house. He runs away, becomes a gold-miner, a man-about-town in Bombay, a mounted policeman in South Africa, a soldier in the Boer War, and finally returns home. The book is most ambitious in its scope, but not entirely successful. Miss Corbett has not the power of creating vividly the numerous characters her hero meets. They come and go with no apparent reason; the Sky Pilot, the inconsequent and profane Cedric, and the rest, hardly leave any taste in the mouth at all. Miss Corbett has, however, considerable powers of description. Indeed, the chapters on Tasmania, with their detailed account of the country, would make an excellent appendix to a geographical treatise on that island.

Venusberg. By ANTHONY POWELL. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

It is a pity that someone has told Mr. Powell that he is a satirist. He has written a short novel dealing with the adventures of a young journalist in a small post-war republic. So pleased is he, however, with his reputation as a satirist, that he seems to have forgotten his duty as a novelist. He has created no characters, but merely written of a number of people who make sometimes witty, always monotonous, undergraduate conversation. The development of the story is hard to follow for the simple reason that it is hard to tell which character is speaking. They all use the same idiom. He clutters up the tale with ineffectual witticisms concerning staircases, boy scouts, and, indeed, any common object. He has a terrible habit of making far-fetched comparisons, as though he thought that a man's wit were gauged by his power of mentioning two disconnected subjects. Satire must not only amuse. It must make criticisms of some value. A man who is able to say: "mothers-in-law," or "kippers," in a thousand and one different ways is not to be hailed as a satirical genius. He does not even possess the ordinary virtue of restraint.

The King of Rome. By R. MCNAIR WILSON. Peter Davies. 5s.

The death of Napoleon's son in his twenty-first year was an event of considerable importance to Europe. Whether with his mother's looks he had inherited his father's brains we do not know. Lawrence's portraits, one of which is reproduced, and the stories told of him are enough to show what effect his beauty and charm might have had. That he inherited a portentous sense of destiny is clear. With Byronic seriousness he was eluding all attempts to make him into a mere Austrian archduke when death cut short an ironic comedy in which his Imperial grandfather and Metternich seemed likely to play quite different parts from those to which they aspired. Who knows, too, what Europe would have been without the 1848 Paris revolution? Mr. McNair Wilson's short biography is skilfully written. He brings the political background vividly before us and unfolds the story of this tragic youth's life and death with a sure touch.

Which is Bitterness. By BEATRICE HENRY. Barker. 7s. 6d.

There is a fascination about any complete picture of a society; and Welsh Victorianism, in Miss Henry's capable hands, has such piquancy that it scarcely matters when the characters talk circumstantially, as do people in bad plays, omitting nothing that the audience needs to know. The half-English daughter-in-law, chafing under the jealous rule of the grandmother; the prodigal hospitality of Nantgoch House; the drunken servants, the boorish parson, the different attitudes of the county, the farm people, and of Mr. Jones of the Stores, make up a detailed picture which is easily imaginable. People die with unconventional suddenness, but no plume, no flagon of beer, is lacking at the funeral. The heroine, Marah, is a bastard grand-daughter brought up in the family. Her passion for Wales is an unconvincing antidote for a broken marriage; but she, at least, makes no ogre of the formidable grandmother, so there is balance in the picture.

Family Holiday. By W. R. CALVERT. Putnam. 5s.

Family Holiday (*A Little Tour in a Second-hand Car*) is another description of a personal holiday which was surely written for the joy of saying "do you remember?" For those outside the family circle, therefore, it has its limitations. But those who do not mind being outside the circle will find here an immense amount of historical information of an unusual and fascinating kind. The fortnight's journey takes us from London to Wales and back again, by Oxford and the Cotswolds to Gloucester, across the Severn to the Wye Valley, through Wales to Aberystwyth, and from Aberystwyth to Chester and Hereford. The style is companionable, but Mr. Calvert is sometimes given to an unhappy choice of words. Throughout the book the provincial reader will be entertained by a kind of "Londoner's wonder" that other places should have existed unaided for so long and should go on existing when holidays are over.

The Split Face. By MARJORIE JEANS. Heritage. 7s. 6d.

The title of this novel is that of a restaurant, in the small orchestra of which Madeleine earns her living as second violin. Paul Garnish, an artist who has lost the power to paint, hears her play there, and persuades her to come and live with him in "spiritual marriage," using her youth and beauty to rejuvenate himself and to regain his power of creation. Finally, against his will, she seduces him, and all his new-found strength and vigour vanish; he destroys his canvasses and she leaves him to take the violin lessons which are to make her famous. Neither Miss Jeans' plot nor her characters are very convincing, although Martin, who is in love with Madeleine, and some of the lesser Bohemians who play a part in the story are not unskilfully drawn.

The Poetry of T. S. Eliot. By HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

This is another little book for the "plain reader." As an explanation of Mr. Eliot's poetry, it is thorough and straightforward. Mr. Williamson's view of Eliot corresponds closely, one presumes, with Mr. Eliot's view of himself; he takes the line, already familiar from the critical essays of Mr. I. A. Richards and Mr. F. R. Leavis, of Eliot

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as a major poet. The Georgians come in for their usual blast of criticism in an early chapter "Exeunt the Romantics." Mr. Eliot's achievement is tethered to his own definition, "Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion, it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality." The importance of Mr. Eliot's theory and its influence on his poetry—the two are in fact indivisible—are sustained by Mr. Williamson throughout this book. He keeps close to his subject, and if there is nothing very new in what he has to say, he says it clearly and persuasively, and amplifies very usefully the comments of previous critics.

Yugoslav Popular Ballads. By DRAGUTIN SUBOTIČ. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

In the nineteenth century Serbian ballads were decidedly popular in this country, and Mr. Dragutin Subotič hopes with his work to revive this interest. Our own native ballads will always appeal in some measure as having an intrinsic bearing on and foundation in national characteristics; the ballads of any other nation must always depend for popular appeal upon the fluctuating wave of public taste. Similarly, anything which is so essentially the product of a people in place of a person must always be harder to translate satisfactorily. Nevertheless, Mr. Subotič has compiled an interesting and useful book which contains numerous translations by various hands.

About Motoring

HOW ACCIDENTS HAPPEN

I HAVE reiterated in this column the need for scientific analysis of the statistics of road casualties. Such analysis may in time reveal data which may form the basis of revised laws. In any case analysis is necessary to keep public opinion sane, and to reduce prejudice. The person or body of persons who publishes undigested and unanalysed statistics on any important question may do the community considerable disservice. For example, a provincial hospital board has just issued its statistics of road casualties treated in the extensive wards under its control; they run as follows:

Total traffic casualties treated in three months..	335
Caused by motor cars..	149
Caused by pedal cycles	108
Caused by motor cycles	63
Caused by other vehicles	15

A person of mean intelligence, perusing these figures, might easily leap to the idiotic conclusion that the pedal cycle is almost as dangerous as a motor car, and decidedly more dangerous than a motor cycle. Excluding the enormous fallacies enshrined in the term "caused," a moment's thought suggests that the pedal cycle accidents were probably treated for the most part in the out-patient department, and consisted of surface abrasions due to skids in the slimy streets of the city, whereas most of the motoring accidents consisted of more substantial injuries. Moreover, since no sane man rides a motor bicycle in the streets of a great city for a single avoidable mile, and that motor cycles are quite rare in city traffic, which is mainly composed nowadays of four-wheeled motor vehicles, it is clear that the motor cycle figures in this brief summary are grossly misleading.

Last July the National Safety First Association wisely, if tardily, launched an investigation into fatal road accidents, which is to be taken over in January by the Ministry of Transport. After a year's working it will very probably yield data of genuine value. Already a number of interesting facts are beginning to emerge; although the analysis only covers 1,059 deaths, and the method employed is a mere classification of newspaper reports of coroners' inquests. Saturday is the most dangerous day in the week with an average of twenty-four deaths, and Sunday, rather surprisingly, is the least perilous day with fourteen. Over 70 per cent. of the deaths occur in urban areas. Two-thirds of the drivers (where motor vehicles are concerned in the accidents) are young people between sixteen and twenty-nine years of age. One-third of the drivers are comparatively inexperienced, claiming from two to five years' experience, whilst half of them possess over five years' experience.

Analysis of fatal accidents to pedestrians shows that nearly twice as many men as women are killed on their feet, usually, of course, in busy streets. Most of the adults who meet death afoot are over fifty-five years of age. Rather more children than men get knocked down and killed, and most of the children are small. Eighty per cent. of the pedestrian victims are children or old, the incidence of casualties being extremely low between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five.

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Less than 2 per cent. of the fatalities are unavoidable, by which I presume that structural failure of the motor vehicle, such as a fracture of the steering gear or a sudden brake failure is indicated. The figures of the last five years suggest that 85 per cent. of the road deaths are directly due to some failure on the part of a human being. Five per cent. are still due to vehicle defects, and the remaining 10 per cent. (approximately) to road defects and the weather. The full results of the analysis have not yet been circulated to the public. In view of the prejudice excited against motor cycles by recent issues of undigested statistics, it is probably desirable that the complete results should be broadcast as soon as possible.

It is pleasant to notice that local authorities are already displaying energy and initiative in many minor points. At least one town council has been perturbed by innumerable collisions due to the use of short streets, containing no shops, and linking main traffic routes. There is no valid reason why such short streets should be open to wheeled traffic except where vehicles enter them to take up or set down passengers and goods. But cars use them for short cuts, and suffer from collision when debouching into busier streets. No powers exist to close such streets to through traffic, but the council in question is considering a recommendation to the Ministry of Transport. If the through use of such streets produces only three deaths per annum in a town of 40,000 inhabitants, the prohibition of through traffic might save 3,000 deaths per annum. The death map of such urban areas may identify a number of similar unnecessary risks. In another locality the education authority has been appalled by the risks which confront its scholars on their way home from school. It feels itself powerless to protect the children on their schoolward journeys, but recognises that it is a cheap and simple business to marshal and usher them over the dangerous main road crossing outside the schools. I motored through Moulscombe, the new housing suburb of Brighton, which is situated on the main Lewes Road, and saw two adults busied at noon in convoying the children who live on or beyond the far side of the road across a wide arterial road traversed by incessant fast traffic.

The brief figures now issued by the Safety First Association do not carry us very far or suggest any very definite measures, apart from the need of safeguarding children and old people across busy roads. But even this single discovery may lead to a law penalising persons who cross specified streets at any point except the official crossings. At present a very few cities have some "Cross Here" points, which are moderately safeguarded by point constables or robots. But it is not an offence to cross elsewhere. The "Cross Here" sign is a recommendation, not an order. In certain Continental cities it is an order, and it may yet become so with us.

The hospital statistics mentioned earlier in these notes bring the pedal cycle into a lurid light, at any rate where it is ridden in cities and large towns. Anybody who has motored through Coventry when the factories close for dinner or at night will comprehend this. If further research into accidents concerning cyclists indicates that their casualties are at all substantially affected either by the speed of some cyclists or by their sharing the fairway with heavier traffic, there will be a strong case for fresh legislation. The whole subject bristles with valuable possibilities.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 21.—DAUGHTERS OF BLUESTOCKING

It is no joke being the daughters of Bluestocking, as the Misses Codd discovered. Their mother was originally a Miss Cenia Rangler.

She called the girls into her room a few weeks before Christmas.

"About presents," she said. "You can each have £1 to spend. Each of you will divide her pound into three parts, each part differing in amount from the other two and each consisting of an exact number of shillings. You will each of you buy presents for me with the smallest of the three sums into which your pound has been divided; presents for your father with the middle sum; and presents for your wealthy Aunt Matilda with the largest sum. No two of you will divide your pounds in the same way.

"Subject to these conditions, you can spend your money as you like."

The girls spent £2 in all on Aunt Matilda. They spent collectively upon their mother the largest amount compatible with this expenditure. Agatha spent the most upon her father; how much was that?

PROBLEM 19.—STOTTLE'S WILL

I have not received a single solution. This surprises me, as I submitted the cipher before publishing it to two friends, neither of them experts, and both discovered the solution. The method of solution turns on *cyclic elimination* (*c.f.* the "Beauty Contest" problem): perhaps, with this added information, solvers would like to have another shot.

PROBLEM 18.—GRAND SLAM

Sets of Low's Cartoons are awarded to: C. C. McCreight, Newnham's Rough, Horsted Keynes, Sussex; James A. Scott, The Schoolhouse, Lonmay, Aberdeenshire.

There were 22 correct solutions. For Problem 17 ("Dominoes") there were 69.

NOTES FOR SOLVERS

The Week-End Problems Book is now published. The circulars dealing with it are not yet printed, but will be despatched as soon as they are ready. The book contans, *inter alia*, forty "Caliban" problems.

PLAYTIME DINNER.—Wednesday, January 11th. Particulars shortly.

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, Dec. 20th.

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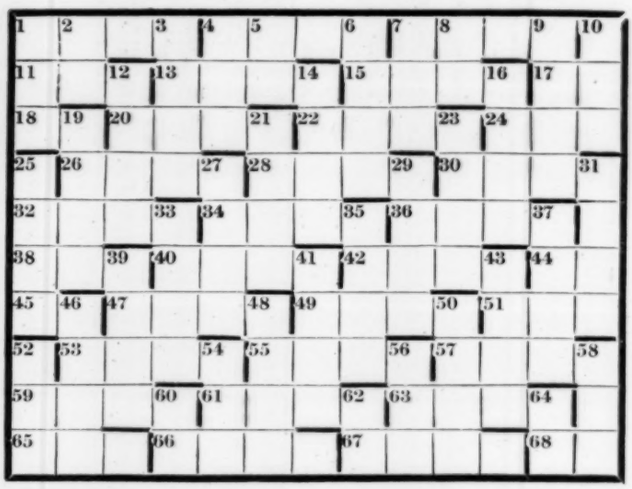
TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



JUST FOR THE LITTLE ONES

ACROSS.

1. Golden, perhaps.
4. And graces.
7. Approach, if you like.
11. An obvious one.
13. Mineral tree.
15. Sic itur ad hospital.
17. Balham, for instance.
18. They shall never meet.
20. Farewell, hollow.
22. Acknowledged terminus.
24. All a Scot and half a Pope.
26. The reverse of frightened.
28. Same as 22.
30. Once well known in Holland.
32. One good bird deserves another.
34. N. or M.
36. From Samothrace.
38. Indefinitely named.
40. Fifteenth century foundation.
42. Cigarette paper.
44. Ovine degree.
45. Six months.
47. My end is not wealthy.
49. Society in the clouds.
51. My quay is sheltered.
53. Patch.
55. Enough is as good as an execution.
57. Bitter sweet.
59. Any old drink in a storm.
61. Turn out.
63. Goes to make rubber.
65. Puzzlemaker's bird.
66. Publisher's corner.
67. There's blood in the monster.
68. Half of 63.

DOWN

1. Mother of 1 *ac.*
2. Lively before I mated.
3. Mistake.
4. Be 15.
5. I am.
6 *rev.* Bryologist's care.
7. I am *in* a mess, I take it.
8. Scene of much perturbation.
9. Reverse of huge.
10. Possess.
12. Always wanting 14 *rev.*
14. *See* 12.
16. Bend.
19. Zoological garden.
21 *rev.* Romantic hero's parish.
23. His name derives from 42.
25. Don't go.
27. Industrious relatives.
29 *rev.* Tackle the eats.
31. Stand up, Admiral.
33. Far from far.
35. Impure.
37. Dr. Temple.
39. Most familiar of cycles.
41. We'll turn up soon.
43 *rev.* Marriage on board.
46 *rev.* Style.
48. Depositions are, sometimes.
50. Sirius without a dog.
52. Beast in shape.
54 *rev.* Scotch gent.
56. Here precedes the hen.
58. That of 40 *ac.* is said to be much favoured.
60. Half a stroll.
62, 64 *rev.* Volume.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. oneiroscopist. 13. morn. 14. irtal. 15. hoar *rev.* 17. van *rev.* 18. garde. 19. envi. 20. clam. 22. lad. 24. aster. 25. phi. 26. last. 28. luge *rev.* 29. rt. 30. oat. 31. urn. 32. Pisa *rev.* 33. ee. 34. Hba. 35. Oe (none). 36. gin. 37. pric. 38. ea. 39. oble. 40. ego. 41. oszn. 42. nilerm. 43. sun *rev.* 44. ant. 45. tt. 46. desks. 47. S.S.E. 48. ash.

DOWN.—1. omnipotent. 2. nonchalant. 3. era. 4. invaluable. 5. rigmaroles. 6. oral. 7. stratagems. 8. cad. 9. oleaginous. 10. presuppose. 11. sovereigns. 12. thirteenth. 16. antlers. 21. lithoid. 23. designs. 27. sneer. 44. A.A.

WHAT FUTURE ARE YOU PLANNING?

It is easy to provide for future comfort and independence.

By payments arranged to suit your convenience

YOU CAN SECURE £1,000, £2,000 or £3,000

at the end of any selected term of years, and thus be in a position to obtain a guaranteed income.

Should you not live to enjoy the benefits yourself, they will be available immediately for your dependents.

Write to the Managing Director stating your age and requirements: expert advice will be given.

PEARL
ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

To THE MANAGING DIRECTOR, PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

My age next birthday is..... Please send me particulars as to how I can obtain £..... at age .....

Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

(1a) N.S. 10-12-32. .....

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(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Cures Colds safely

Simply put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the vapour. "Vapex" goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the dark, warm passages of nose and throat. The sooner "Vapex" is used, the sooner will the cold disappear.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

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for the Connoisseur

The man who does not know what he wants gets a great deal of help at Cranbourn Street, because Rimington, Van Wyck are able to make suggestions for Christmas presents which cost little and give great pleasure. To music lovers no gift is more expressive of understanding than carefully selected recordings of the works of favourite composers. The offer of records autographed by popular artistes has produced an enormous demand from old friends who appreciate how really intelligent is the service at the "Unusual" Gramophone Shop. It is good to see faces of old friends. Many have gone away delighted with records autographed by—

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Schnabel	Elizabeth Schumann
Backhaus	Melchior.

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Have you had your copy of our latest list, which contains many useful suggestions for Xmas presents?

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

A WAY OUT ON DECEMBER 15TH—WAR LOAN COMMISSIONS—P. AND O. AND SHIPPING SHARES—CENTRAL ELECTRICITY BOARD

IT is said in the City that our politicians are bargaining disarmament and stabilisation of sterling against a war debts settlement and that the American President-elect intends to bargain a war debts settlement for the scrapping of the Ottawa agreements and a lowering of tariffs. It is monstrous that a simple economic issue should be the play of politicians and that a reasonable settlement should be deferred on account of an out-of-date American constitution. It would be an act of moral courage on the part of the Allies to tell America that the economic welfare of the major part of the world is a higher responsibility than the honouring of an impossible political debt. The next best course would be to pay this December 15th instalment in gold with the proviso that it is a payment on account of the final settlement, the existing debt agreements being repudiated on account of their impracticability. Payment "on account" has this great advantage—that it does not necessitate any provision in the budget. It can be treated as a loan from the Bank of England to the Government which will, on paper, increase the floating debt, but in reality constitute a raid on the sinking funds. Payment "on account" of the final settlement would no doubt please President Hoover, for it would put the responsibility, as it should be, on to the President-elect. Indeed, President Hoover would probably be highly gratified to allow payment in gold in instalments—being strictly "on account." All this points to some relief for the gilt-edged market, although I have a lingering fear that the Governor of the Bank will consider that the wording of our Note to America entails raising the Bank rate if we are forced to pay. Wall Street, however, is disposed to take a more cheerful view of the outcome and the rapidity with which markets recover with every fresh hope indicates, I think, that investors have just got tired of liquidation. After all, to *feel* a crisis perpetually becomes a bore, even for the man with money.

* * *

It is a little ingenuous on the part of professional investors to reproach the Government with having "let them down" in the gilt-edged market after their patriotic response to the 3 per cent. Conversion Loan. The "stagging" of this loan was not calculated patriotism but miscalculated speculation. The City has done extremely well out of the conversion schemes and can afford to nurse 3 per cent. Conversion for a time. Consider the amount paid by the Bank of England to stockbrokers, bankers and solicitors in respect of the conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan. Approximately £4 millions were paid to these fortunate agents for obtaining the assent of holders to conversion—the commission having been at the rate of 5s. per cent. from July 1st to July 31st and 2s. 6d. per cent. thereafter. It was a generous commission to pay for services which entailed no risk and little or no trouble. The *Economist* has pointed out that if the £4 millions were divided as to 95 per cent. for the 5s. and as to 5 per cent. for the 2s. 6d. commissions the amount of stock on which agents claimed a reward would be £1,680 millions or 87 per cent. of the amount of War Loan converted. It is absurd to suppose that agents genuinely influenced the conversion of so large an amount of stock. Indeed, it is common knowledge that banks obtained commission on their own holdings which they converted and that there was a good deal of collusion between agents and holders for the splitting of commissions. The payment of £4 millions in commissions seems to have been a peculiarly needless bribe, for the patriotism of the petty rentier was never in question, while that of the big rentier became identifiable with self-interest.

* * *

Having persistently protested against the uniatelligibility, the prevarications, the evasions, and secretiveness of shipping company accounts, I congratulate the board of the P. and O., and their new auditors, upon the frankness and lucidity of their latest report. Under the régime of the late Lord Inchcape, the P. and O. accounts were uncomplimentary to the intelligence of the shareholders. This year the trading account for the first time discloses how the net profits are arrived at and how much is allowed for depreciation. It is, unfortunately, a melancholy revelation. Of the gross earnings of £2¼ millions nearly 40 per cent. is derived from non-trading sources (outside investments and windfalls in the shape of income tax refunds and profits on investments sold). Only £350,000 is allowed for depreciation, although the directors declare that £1,400,000 is ordinarily required. The net earnings amount to £694,616 (against £947,802 and £1,165,004 in the two previous years) from which debenture interest and redemption take £529,080 and preferred dividends £152,000, leaving only £13,536 (0.3 per cent.) for the deferred stock. If normal depreciation had been allowed, the company would not have earned its debenture interest. The directors are, however, justified in temporarily reducing the depreciation charge seeing that the fleet (costing £86.8 millions) stands in the books at £32.8 millions or £10.8 millions less than it would if depreciation had been allowed at 5 per cent. per annum. Few shipping companies are to-day earning their normal depreciation. Remove the restrictions upon international trade (exchange controls and import quotas) and lower the tariff barriers, and there will be a rush to buy the shipping company securities set out in the following table. In the meantime I would regard them as "MacDonaldite" stocks, reflecting the fortunes of that great internationalist, our Prime Minister, at the forthcoming conference. As long as there is a MacDonald in the Government shipping shareholders should not give up hope.

	Prices 1932. High.	Present.	Flat Yield %.
Ordinary:			
Cunard Steam £1 shares	10/3	7/-	Nil
Furness Withy £1 shares	22/4	17/-	*£7 1 2 if 6% divs.
P. & O. £1 defd. stock	24/6	15/-	Nil

* Furness Withy will probably cut its dividends this year.

* * *

To reply finally to my correspondents regarding the Central Electricity Board. The Board sells electricity (a) to owners of selected stations, (b) to authorised undertakings outside. As regards (a) the Board is entitled to charge a price covering the cost of production plus a proportion of its expenses (excluding interest charges), but the owners of "selected" stations are entitled to have this price reduced to what their own costs of production would have been under independent operation if they can prove that the Board's price is higher (the onus of proof is on the "selected" station). As regards (b), the "tariff" price charged to the authorised undertakings is designed to cover the Board's costs of production plus interest charges on its debt over a period of years. Authorised undertakings are compelled to buy from the Board if the Board can show that its tariff price is lower than the undertakings' costs of production (any dispute about this goes to arbitration). Relative costs have been taken into consideration by the Board in framing its revenue accounts. Under the Mid-East England scheme the Board has drawn up a profit and loss account for the ten years which shows that on the basis of known costs of production of "selected" stations and authorised undertakings it will be able to meet its interest charges at the end of this period. For the time being the Board is empowered to charge any losses on revenue account against capital. If at the end of the ten year period it is in financial difficulties it may, I believe, apply for the Treasury guarantee which it was offered at the outset up to an amount of £33½ millions. (The balance of its expenditure, represented by the standardisation of frequency, is recoverable by a levy on the electricity supply industry.) I cannot conceive that the Government, which promoted this great national electrification scheme, would let the Board "down" if at some future date it had to call for Treasury help. That is why I prefer Central Electricity Board stocks to the debentures (albeit a trustee stock) of the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation. Having borrowed money from the Treasury, the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation is more likely to be treated by the Government on a strictly commercial basis.

* * *

A letter from a resident in Shanghai which I was shown describes the jolly prosperity of that ever-growing trading centre. "We do not know the meaning of the word depression," it ran. This is good news and instructive, for it strengthens my conviction that Chinese Customs loans are the only safe foreign Government bonds to hold. Here are the second and third charges on the Customs:

	Red. date.	Price.	Yields %. Annual.	Redn.
China 5% Gold Loan 1925 ...	1948	109 per $50	£6 18 3*	£8 2 3*
China 5% Reorganisation 1913 ...	1931/69	78	£6 11 6	£6 18 9

* Reckoning interest at exchange $3.22 to the £ the first three charges on the Customs loans require £3,104,000 and in 1931 the Customs produced £19,000,000.

COMPANY MEETING

TATE & LYLE LTD.

RECORD QUANTITY OF RAW SUGAR REFINED

SUPPLIES FROM EMPIRE SOURCES

SIR ERNEST TATE ON POSITION OF BRITISH SUGAR INDUSTRY

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Tate and Lyle Limited was held on Tuesday last at Southern House, Cannon Street, London.

SIR ERNEST W. TATE, BT. (the President), was in the chair.

THE PRESIDENT said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—With your permission I should like to start this meeting by offering our hearty congratulations to our Chairman, Sir Leonard Lyle, on the honour which was conferred on him by His Majesty when his name appeared in the Birthday Honours last June as a Baronet of the United Kingdom. I feel sure, ladies and gentlemen, that you will all join with me in this expression of our great satisfaction that it has pleased His Majesty to honour one with whom we are so closely associated.

SATISFACTORY BALANCE-SHEET.

The balance-sheet which we are meeting here to-day to consider is—in the opinion of your Directors—a very satisfactory document. After allocating to the various reserves a sum of money equal to more than 10 per cent. on the Ordinary capital, we are able to recommend a payment of a dividend of 2½ per cent. greater than last year, and to carry forward about the same sum as in the previous year.

The year that has passed has been uneventful. With regard to our chief raw material, prices have fluctuated within comparatively narrow limits. At the end of our last year the price of raw sugar stood at 6s. 7½d. per cwt. for non-Empire sugars, and 10s. 4½d. per cwt. for similar sugars produced within the Empire. At the end of the twelve months now under review, the price stood at 6s. per cwt. for non-Empire sugar. Owing to the increase in the preference on sugar produced in the Colonies, which was introduced at the Budget last April, the price of Colonial raw sugar on September 30th was 10s. 9d. and 11s. 9d. per cwt. for a limited quantity possessing the necessary certificate entitling it to the additional preference in the duty.

The increased preference unfortunately does not apply to Dominion sugar as distinct from Colonial sugar, and I regret to say that it is for this reason that more than half of the raw sugar exported from South Africa has found its market in Canada this year, owing to the higher preference in the import duty granted there and the higher price which Canadian refiners are able to pay in consequence.

I am glad to be able to report that the quantity of raw sugar we have refined during the past year is the highest in the history of the Company, and exceeds by 200,000 tons the previous highest record, and the effect upon the cheapening of our refining costs has been considerable.

It will interest you to learn of the part which the Empire is playing in supplying our requirements. We purchased over 600,000 tons from Empire sources, and the Empire producers received from us, in addition to the world's price, the full amount of the preference in Import Duty applicable to such sugars. The following list gives an idea of the wide area from which these supplies were drawn:—Australia, Fiji, Mauritius, Natal, British West Indies, Demerara, British Honduras, home-grown raw beetroot sugar.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that we purchased *all* the Empire sugar which was available for this market, and I sincerely hope that under the stimulus of the preferential tariff the quantity of Empire Sugar which will be available for us may increase substantially.

SALES FULLY MAINTAINED.

Our sales of Refined Sugar have been fully maintained, and we have continued our policy of selling on a small margin, so that the retail price to the public has been kept as low as possible. The actual profit which we have made works out at less than one-twelfth of a penny per lb. By contrast Home Grown Beet Sugar is receiving 1¼d. per lb. assistance from the taxpayer.

As in the past few years our chief competitors have been the Home Grown Beet Sugar Factories, who make White Sugar under a subsidy. The bulk of this White Sugar is produced and comes on to the market within a few months, and causes unnecessary cutting and depression in prices. If a proportion of this sugar were turned out in the raw form the full market value could be obtained with corresponding advantages to the British Beet Sugar Factories and to the British Sugar Refiners. As it is, there is much wasteful competition, White Sugar from the Beet Factories being sent long distances into areas naturally served by the refineries, and the British Refiners having to retaliate in a similar manner by sending their products into the areas which should naturally be served by the Beet Factories.

His Majesty's Government has decided to appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into the whole of the British Sugar Industry in this country, and our Company most heartily welcome a public and impartial inquiry into the facts of the case. It is not wholly a technical question, but largely a commercial one as well.

The British Sugar (Subsidy) Act, 1925, will expire on September 30th, 1934—I venture once more to express the hope that any fresh assistance, if it is given, will carry out the original intention of the Subsidy Act, that is to say, the intention of helping Agriculture and not of giving artificial assistance to factories to produce an article, i.e., refined sugar, which is already being produced by an old-established industry which is capable of producing economically the whole of this country's requirements of refined sugar. In this connection it may interest you to know that we supplied from our four Refineries only 58½ per cent. of this country's requirements during the year under review. This figure does not include two smaller Refineries in which we are interested, and which together supply 5 per cent. of the country's requirements.

There is nothing we should like better than to see the British Sugar Industry working together amicably as a whole. We have tried to find some basis of agreement, but those concerned in the Beet Industry have been unable or unwilling to see our point of view. We have supported the Industry in the past, and, as you know, hold a controlling interest in four British Beet Companies. Our practical and intimate experience of the working of such Factories leaves us more than ever convinced that it is more profitable to produce at least a proportion of raw sugar at a Beet Factory than to turn out all White Sugar.

We are still anxious and willing to contribute to an honourable and permanent settlement of this National problem. It is our desire to work harmoniously with the existing factories, and on a fair basis. We are willing to go even further and give financial assistance to an extension of the Industry provided that the conditions are suitable and that the extension is based upon the manufacture of raw sugar, or at least a proportion of raw sugar. This basis we believe to be sound, politically, financially and economically.

EFFICIENCY OF THE REFINERIES.

Our Refineries have been maintained in a high state of efficiency, thanks to the energy of the management and the co-operation of our workpeople. To all those concerned the Board of Directors offer their sincere thanks, in which we naturally include our Office Staffs and all connected with the sale of our products.

We are spending a considerable amount of money on the reorganisation of our Love Lane Refinery in Liverpool. Our technical experts have devoted an enormous amount of time to the study of the whole question, and, without being over-confident, I think I can safely say that on completion of the work we shall have a Refinery which will be second to none in the world, and will enable our production costs to be reduced to a minimum, thereby enabling us to deal satisfactorily with any normal or fair competition.

We have come to a very satisfactory arrangement with the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, who have given us improved facilities for handling our Raw Sugar there, which will tend to economy in working costs. I wish on behalf of the Directors to tender our thanks to the Chairman and other members of that body for the sympathetic manner in which they have met our requirements.

I should like to refer in a few words to the unfortunate dispute which has arisen between this country and the Irish Free State. For as long as I can remember we always had a very considerable trade in Southern Ireland. Unfortunately this now has entirely ceased. We are still keeping our sales organisation going in that country, but of course this cannot continue indefinitely.

I have purposely avoided saying anything about the three resolutions which you are going to be asked to pass and about which shareholders have received special notice, as I think it best that they should be dealt with separately.

With your permission we will now conclude the ordinary business of the Meeting.

I beg to move: That the Directors' report and statement of accounts be adopted and that the following dividends upon the company's Issued Capital be declared payable, viz:—(a) *To the holders of Preference Shares:* Interim dividend to March 31st, 1932, at 6½ per cent. per annum, subject to tax, paid June 15th, 1932. Final dividend to September 30th, 1932 at 6½ per cent. per annum, subject to tax. (b) *To the Ordinary Shareholders:* Interim dividend of 4 per cent., subject to Income Tax, paid June 15th, 1932. *Final dividend of 12 per cent.*, subject to Income Tax, *making a total of 16 per cent.* for the year.

Sir Leonard Lyle, Bt. (the Chairman), seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The retiring Directors were re-elected; the auditors were re-appointed; and resolutions submitted dealing with the remuneration of the Managing Directors were duly approved.

A vote of thanks to the President and Board of Directors, proposed by Sir Bernard Greenwell, Bt., and seconded by Sir Douglas Newton, K.B.E., M.P., concluded the proceedings.

SUFFERING and want are widespread; empty purses, empty larders and cold grates are rife in the slums.

Especially at Christmastide does the burden lie heavy . . . for this year there will be thousands without a Christmas-day dinner.

That the yoke of the needy soul may be lightened . . . that want and hardship may be alleviated is the supplication and endeavour of the Salvationist.

Will you please help The Salvation Army to help others this Christmas?

THE SALVATION ARMY

10/- will provide a Christmas parcel for a family. Any gift will be gratefully acknowledged by General EDWARD J. HIGGINS, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE may we be truly thankful and mindful of the wants of others"

When you are gathered round your table for dinner on Christmas Day will you please remember the 370 fatherless boys and girls in the Alexandra Orphanage at Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, N.W., and give an opportunity for all present to contribute a small Christmas donation towards the funds? These boys and girls will be having their Christmas dinner and a happy time to follow; but it is only made possible by the gifts of others more fortunately placed who will share their good things with these boys and girls. Your donation should be addressed to the Treasurer, The Rt. Hon. Lord Marshall of Chipstead, P.C., K.C.V.O., at the Offices of the

ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE

34-40, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY

AND RAGGED SCHOOL UNION (1844)

Patrons: Their Majesties The King and The Queen.
Treasurers: Sir Edwin Dodd and Walter Scoles, Esq.

'REMEMBER THE POOR' AND SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT

TO HELP LONDON'S SLUMLAND CHILDREN

CRIPPLE MISSION (8,300 on register)

15 CHILDREN'S HOMES AND CAMPS.

BAREFOOT MISSION (garments, boots, toys, good cheer, etc.)

170 ASSOCIATED MISSIONS IN GREATER LONDON

DONATIONS in Money and in Goods are urgently needed and will be gratefully acknowledged by

ARTHUR BLACK, General Secretary,
John Kirk House, 32, John Street, W.C.1.

THIS GREAT WORK MUST BE CARRIED ON

A MOST EARNEST APPEAL FOR A GREAT CAUSE

THE NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP HAS ARRIVED IN THE THAMES

The NEW "ARETHUSA" was necessitated by the OLD "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP being condemned by the Admiralty as being worn out and unfit for further service. The old ship has a magnificent record, as 10,000 boys have been trained and sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.

£40,000

IS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE NEW "ARETHUSA"

For cost of Purchase, Alterations, Equipment, New Shore Frontage, etc.

PLEASE HELP THIS GREAT NATIONAL WORK OF TRAINING POOR BOYS FOR THE TWO SEA SERVICES, BY SENDING A DONATION TO-DAY

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP, 164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

President, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

Before you give—

A word or two to guide your generosity this Christmas.

THE LIFE-BOAT SERVICE

Everyone has heard of our Life-boat Service, but how many people realise the extent of the work which it performs? The R.N.L.I. maintains its fleet of Life-boats round the 5,000 miles of coast of Great Britain and Ireland. For nearly 109 years, the R.N.L.I. has protected the shipping which approaches and leaves our shores. It rewards its crews for every rescue or attempted rescue; compensates them for injury; and pensions the widows and children of those who may lose their lives. On these payments alone it spends £45,000 every year.

Since 1824 the Institution has given rewards for the rescue of over 63,000 lives.

While many people fail to realise the extent of this great national work, many also do not understand that it is entirely voluntary. It depends entirely on the free gifts of the British people. To provide and maintain the whole Service, to build the Motor Life-boats, of which there are now 109 in its fleet of 176 boats, it requires each year £300,000, a small sum for such work.

THE CHURCH ARMY

The work of this well-known organisation covers, of course, many fields. One side of its work, namely, its provision of shelter and food for the homeless in Central London, is referred to in the L.C.C. Annual on Public Assistance. This Report states that a total of 8,363 cases were referred to voluntary agencies (from the L.C.C. "Night Office" in the twelve months under review). Although the following figure does not appear in the official report, our readers will be interested to know that out of the grand total of 8,363 referred to voluntary agencies no less than 7,279 were sent to the Church Army; and that out of the 7,279 sent to the Church Army no less than 7,125 were actually admitted to King George's Home. There they were provided with food and bed. The figures suggest that the Church Army is doing a real part in the work for the homeless of Central London. The scheme under which this official Night Office is open has many advantages, as well as some disadvantages; but it is clear that the co-operation of the voluntary agencies is a very vital part in the effectiveness of the official scheme. In addition, 28,000 homeless men were received directly by the Church Army. This is only one example of the many services rendered to the community by the Church Army. Prebendary Carlile will, if desired, earmark contributions for this special work.

SALVATION ARMY

A quarter of a million persons, or one in ten of all the human beings in East London, are still below the poverty line; no wonder, then, the frequency of the advice "Go to the Salvation Army, they will help you if anybody can." The Army's organisation for social work in this country covers not only London but the whole of Great Britain and Ireland and provides nearly every form of relief to those in distress from whatever cause. The women's organisation has homes for all classes of needy womanhood, and for children, it carries out maternity work both in hospital and district, and many other services. The men's social work provides hostels where accommodation for the night can be obtained cheaper than in the common lodging houses. Some idea of the reliance placed upon the Army can be gauged by the fact that during 1930 more than 9,000 men called in person at the London (City) Headquarters alone for help and advice. Many of the requests were from the workless in search of jobs, from prisoners and their dependents, from persons seeking lost relations and friends, the would-be suicides, and the homeless. The emigration department has benefited 200,000 persons by its facilities since it was established in 1903.

Funds are urgently required unless the work of the Army is to be seriously curtailed.

THE NEW "ARETHUSA"

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship, which have received nearly 30,000 children from unsuitable surroundings and trained them with wonderful success to be useful citizens, are at the present time in sore need of special additional financial help. A new Training Ship has had to be bought and now must be fitted out and a new berth obtained at a total cost altogether of approximately £40,000.

The estimate for fitting out the ship with gymnasium, classrooms, officers' quarters, parade-deck, cutting the necessary portholes through the steel sides of the ship, etc., will of necessity run into several thousand pounds. The society have only hitherto been tenants of the foreshore at Greenhithe, and the lease runs out in March, 1934, and we are told, will not be renewed. It is, therefore, necessary to acquire a shore-site opposite which the new "Arethusa" may be permanently moored. This will be a very costly business.

The Committee are satisfied they are doing the right thing in acquiring the new ship and site, for the work has been so successful in the past, upwards of 10,000 boys passing from the old "Arethusa" into the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine, and the need for the best type of sailor-men was never greater than at the present time.

IN A NUTSHELL

—The C.A. Christmas Problem

"Be it ever so humble there is no place like home." This is especially true at Christmastide, and the C.A. is concentrating on giving its immense family of deserving poor a happy Christmas in their own homes.

PARCELS OF GOOD FARE

will be distributed to those in genuine need. Each parcel costs 10/-, but the retail value is nearly 14/-.

£5 *Makes TEN families happy.* **10/-** *Gives happiness to one family.*

Will YOU help by sending now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

The

CHURCH ARMY

Broken Toys

A doll is broken, and happiness gives place to tears . . . . so sensitive is the child mind.

An incident which you dismiss with a smile is a tragedy through infant eyes. Who, then, can imagine the intense misery and suffering of a child exposed to wrongs which move even adults to horror and revulsion?

THE

N·S·P·C·C

is doing all in its power to protect little children from cruelty and neglect at the hands of vicious or ignorant parents and guardians. The extent of its help depends upon public support.

Will you kindly include The N.S.P.C.C. in your Christmas Gifts list?

PLEASE SEND to Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Hon. Treas., or William J. Elliott, Director, National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Chairman: THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.

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"A Contribution to the Study of Sex by a World-Traveller."
Dr. ERNEST T. JENSEN
will take the Chair at 8 p.m.

Information from—
SEC., Brit. Sexological Society, 4 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1.

SHALL CIVILISATION COLLAPSE? A Meeting organised by the Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals will be held on WEDNESDAY, December 14th, 1932, at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF HYGIENE, Keppel Street (corner of Gower St.), W.C.1. Commencing at 8 p.m. Doors open at 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Professor J. C. FLÜGEL. Speakers: BERTRAND RUSSELL, REGINALD STAMP, W. N. WARBEY, NORMAN HAIRE, PRYNS HOPKINS, C. E. M. JOAD. Admission free. Reserved seat, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at 4, Parton Street, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, or from Mrs. Lockhart, 5, Lurgan Mansions, Sloane Square, S.W.

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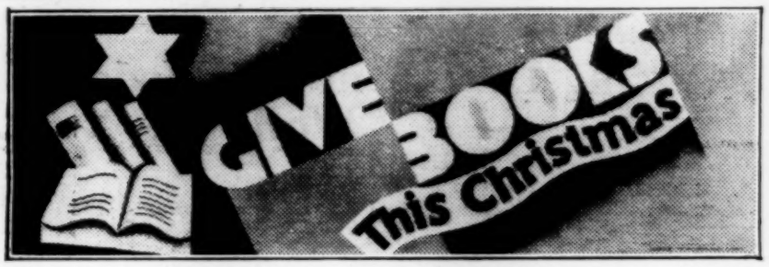

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